

Farmers Should Keep Bees.

While it is not practical for most farmers to undertake to keep bees extensively, many of them could keep a few colonies without much trouble and thus produce sufficient honey for consumption. It does not require much work to care for a few colonies of bees, and there is as much profit in bees for the labor bestowed as there is in anything else we know of. The honey and wax are not the only products

fits to be derived from these little workers. They are useful agents in

used to be thought that they were an injury to fruit, but careful investigation has shown them to be of great advantage, especially to the horticulturist. The common black bee cannot work on red clover, on account of not being able to reach the honey. The Italian bee works on red clover. The Italian has the advantage also over the black bee of being able to rid the hive of the bee moth. All bees will work on

crimson clover. Among the forest trees, maple, poplar, bass wood, holly


Good Results in Breeding.

In order to acquire the best results from our breeding, it is necessary that our hogs should not be too fat, rather a little thin and on the upward turn, on moderate feed, as under those circumstances our sows and males both are

more apt to be healthy, strong and vigorous, which is very necessary in

litter of pigs. After breeding it is also necessary that your sows should be dieted in order to obtain good results at farrowing. By dieting I mean that the sows should be fed diversified

feed which has a tendency to produce more bone and muscle than fat. It is to the detriment of both the mother and the young to feed a full corn diet at this time.



Cyrus

Nobel

The World famous
American whiskey.
A perfect distillation of
the best grain.
Aged in wood.
Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store
San Mateo County that **SELLS**
 Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
 Boots and Shoes;
 Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
 Crockery and Agate Ware;

T SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call

M. F. HEALEY,
Hay, Grain and Feed. **†† ††**

Food and Coal. ++ ++ ++

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Everything comes to the man who waits, especially rust and cobwebs.

The woman whose husband claims to be henpecked is generally deserving of pity.

Turkey wants to borrow money, but Uncle Sam probably knows of a certain party that needn't be applied to.

Beggars are taxed in China. There, evidently, the financial possibilities of the profession are frankly recognized.

Nearly all available Government land has been homesteaded and even the supply of Indian brides with homestead attachments is running short.

That man who fancied taking his wife's hat would keep her at home must have failed to notice what little use a hat really is to a woman.

Nobody knows who killed Cock Robin or who struck Billy Patterson, but Senator Carter killed the river and harbor bill. He did it with his little tongue.

Mrs. Nation's paper, the Smasher's Mail, has been issued at Topeka. It is said that a great many railroad baggagemen have subscribed for it simply on impulse.

The girl who leaped for the bridle of a runaway horse and stopped him, when a lot of men were thinking only of saving their own lives, deserves to get a gold medal from some society in addition to having her picture printed in the papers.

In the woods in the Pennsylvania mountains a bear tackled Jacob Bradshaw and would have broken him in two had not Jacob expectorated about a gill of tobacco juice into bruh's eye. This attracted the bear's attention and Jacob got away. Moral—

In the electric cars and railway waiting-rooms of many cities, the boards of health have posted notices, forbidding, under heavy penalties, the unwholesome and nauseous practice of spitting on the floors. But have the authorities ever looked into a smoking-car?

The honor of being made an Earl cost Lord Roberts, as it costs every new-made peer of high degree, thousands of dollars in fees. Nevertheless, hosts of Englishmen, and probably not a few plain American citizens who esteem themselves—while not under temptation—good Republicans, would gladly pay the price.

"The Wild and Woolly West" can afford to smile at the phrase. In California there is one college student for every four hundred inhabitants, a larger proportion than in any other State of the Union. President Wheeler, of the State University, attributes this to the fact that "no class in California consciously accepts the doom of mediocrity." In advertising a piece of land for sale, Theistatocius noted that "it lay by a good neighbor." California, in bidding for immigration, gives scholastic proof that her people are already good neighbors.

Some of the most remarkable of recent scientific discoveries are the S-rays, the discovery of the microbe of distemper in dogs, and the discovery of krypton and xenon, rare gases of the atmosphere. The S-rays are so-called from Professor Sagnac, of Paris, who in experimenting with the X-rays found certain groups of rays of a totally different series and with different manifestations, while to Professor Copeland belongs the credit for the discovery of the microbe of distemper in dogs and to Professors Ramsay and Travers the discovery of krypton and xenon. The latter have now been carefully studied by their discoverers and assigned their proper place in the table of the periodic law.

In all the present agitation about pure food, it is a comfort to the coffee drinker to be told that he is getting a very satisfactory article. At the Department of Agriculture some thorough tests have been recently made to determine the extent and nature of coffee adulterations. The results are entirely reassuring to coffee-lovers. The expert finds that while very little pure Java or Mocha berries find their way into the American market, almost if not quite as good flavored beans are had from other tropical places, Porto Rico and Hawaii being mentioned as furnishing good coffee. The adulterants, when used, are for the most part harmless. The chemist who has been looking into the coffee question, Professor Wiley, gives some advice as to the use of this beverage. He says that the use of coffee in moderation should not do any injury to adults, and then he mentions in detail what moderation means. "This is a cupful—only half of it coffee, the rest hot milk—at breakfast, none at noon, and a small cup of black coffee after dinner. On some systems, undoubtedly, coffee may act as a poison, and such persons, of course, should not drink it. The average grown person in normal health may use it moderately without harm."

Somebody has been gathering college statistics, and it is found that there are in this country forty-four universities or colleges which contain more than 1,000 students each. Fourteen of these institutions have more than 2,000 students each, and in each of

six leading universities there are more than 3,000 students. These six are: Harvard, 4,288; University of Michigan, 3,700; Minnesota, 3,410; Georgia, 3,295; Chicago, 3,183, and California, 3,025. Northwestern University has 2,971 students this year; Cornell, 2,776; Pennsylvania, 2,567; Yale, 2,542; Columbia, 2,521, and Princeton, 1,302. There probably are over 100,000 students in the various universities and colleges of America at present, and the whole number of persons who are being educated in the schools and colleges combined is given as 16,738,363. Aside from all other considerations this general tendency toward education means one thing—labor in this country must be dignified socially. It is going to be impossible for all the boys and young men who are now in the schools and colleges to go into professions. Many of them will have to work with their hands. Manual labor will still have to be done even after everybody is educated. Perhaps the condition forecast by Bellamy—when those who work as laborers shall receive just as much consideration as men who get into the professions and shall be compensated for the sacrifices they make in taking what we now consider inferior places in society—is not so far away.

That landlordism and tenant farming are increasing with surprising rapidity in the United States is one of the most important facts developed out of the census reports issued from Washington. According to a statement of L. G. Powers, chief statistician of the agricultural division of the census, it appears that for at least twenty years the percentage of farms operated by tenants has increased heavily in all parts of the United States except the extreme West. For the whole country this percentage has increased in the last ten years nearly twice as fast as the per cent of population of the nation, four times that of the purely agricultural population and twice that of the farms operated by their owners. Mr. Powers suggests that this unprecedented increase does not show a degradation of the rural population, but an uplifting, from the fact that it must be largely composed of negroes in the Southern States and of farm hands or farmers' sons who have become tenant farmers. It is declared, however, by many who are watching the tendency, that large numbers of those who have indeed risen out of these ranks to become tenants would have become farm owners instead under other conditions, as did the young men of a generation ago. To whatever extent this army of tenant farmers has been recruited from the ranks of those who had been but wage earners, it is a matter for satisfaction. To the extent that it includes those who have sunk from ownership or might have become owners it is not good. It is impossible to separate these classes until the full reports of the census are issued. Out of the well-known conditions in the middle West, however, with these preliminary figures at hand, it is possible to discover some interesting material for speculation. Many farmers are moving into the towns, selling their farms outright or renting to tenants. In the latter instances each farm is forced to become the support of two families, which is apt to prove a heavy burden on any property calculated for one family. Capitalists recognize that farms purchased and rented to tenants are among the best investments, principal and income being peculiarly safe. Other capitalists who wish to invest in farm lands are finding, in many instances, that their money is a drug on the market. The farmers who own land are so prosperous that they do not need loans; those who are tenants have no security upon which to borrow. Merchants in the smaller towns are now complaining that their trade is suffering by the increase of tenant farmers. The latter are not as prompt in paying bills, they cannot afford to buy as much, and they do not improve their places with the same energy and modern agricultural methods and machinery as do the ones who own their farms. Tenant farmers have not the interest in preserving the farm property that the owner has when he is the resident. Nor, indeed, is the tenant so interested to protect the permanent fertility of the soil by the most careful farming methods. It is recognized that either in city or country the best performance of the duties of citizenship comes from those who own their homes. With that fact in mind, no one can fail to regret the immense growth of tenant farming indicated by the census.

Foreign News.



"By cracker; another rich American lady was presented at court over in Lunnon. I wonder what she has done? Shopliftin', I guess."

Willing to Please.
Sultor—Sir, I have come to ask your daughter in marriage.
Father (fearfully)—Would you take my only child away from me?
Sultor—Oh, not at all, not at all, my dear sir. I can move right in.—Detroit Free Press.

A scientist has discovered that house cleaning is caused by a microbe.

HERE'S A SINGLE-WHEEL LAWN MOWER.

Below is illustrated a new pattern of lawn mower, which the inventor claims will run easier than the two-wheeled rotary grass-cutter now in use. The wheel used is similar to the ordinary wheel, except that it is much larger, affording greater traction on the surface of the earth than was possible with the two small wheels, and therefore providing more power for the cutting mechanism. The latter feature consists of a cutter bar like that of a



RECIPROCATING CUTTER BAR.

large mowing machine, with the guards and reciprocating blades complete. By a simple gear arrangement the power is taken from near the center of the traction wheel and delivered to an eccentric, which in turn reciprocates the knife bar. The swath cut is about equal to that cut by the old mower, but the height of the cutter bar can be adjusted to cut the grass close to the ground or at any height desired. The mower has a clutch mechanism which enables the operator to draw it backward without operating the knives, and when not in use the cutter bar can be tilted into a vertical position to facilitate the removal of the machine from one place to another. Fritz Rauber and John A. Lentz, of Eldorado, Kan., have obtained a patent on the machine.

THE NEW FIRST READER

What is the matter here?
The man is changing his mind.

How do you mean?
His friend asked him what he thought of the signs of spring, and just as he said that he never allowed himself to be struck by signs one of them fell.

What have we here?
This is a bust-ness man en-joy-ing a modern convenience.

Do you mean the telephone?
Yes.
If it is a convenience why does he scowl?

Oh, a small de-tail an-noys him.
What is it?
He has been try-ing for twenty minutes to get con-nect-ed with a man on the sec-ond floor a-bove.

What is happen-ing here?
The host-ess is serving re-fresh-ments to her guests.

What are the refreshments?
Lob-ster sal-ad, ca-vi-are sand-wiches, cof-fee, ice cream and cake.

Mer-cy. Does such food re-fresh any-body?

Oh, yes! It re-fresh-es the mem-ory of days when they used to eat green apples, pea-nuts and Christ-mas candy.

What is the young man do-ing?
He is a-pol-o-giz-ing to the young lady.

What for?
He stepped on her gown and ruined it.
Will the a-pol-o-gy mend mat-ters?
O, no! It will cost \$40 for an-oth-er skirt and the a-pol-o-gy is not worth a cent.—Chicago Daily News.

The Worm Will Turn.
"Ha! You laugh me to scorn, Reginald Bugge, but it will be my turn next."

Such language, coming as it did from a humble caterpillar, at first merely amused the audience, until a bright beetle in the gallery recalled the fact that every worm has his turn, and started the applause.—Buffalo Express.

Money in Old Uniforms.
The worn-out uniforms of the British army when sold bring back into the war office treasury close upon \$150,000 a year.

Guest, but Not a Customer.
Street—Hullo! Are you a guest here?
Beat—I am, but the hotelkeeper thinks I am a customer.—Indianapolis Press.

There's always room at the top of the greased pole of success.

Failure is one of the things that are spoiled by success.

FATE OF THE FRENCH EXILES.

Napoleonic Followers Who Came to This Country After Waterloo.

In passing through Alabama the attention of the traveler is diverted to the remnants of a deserted village of rotten wooden huts in the suburbs of the present town of Demopolis, about midway between Selma and Meridian, Miss. Only a few of the log cabins remain; others have rotted to their foundations, but there are enough to show the traces of a village, where lived aristocratic French nobles, who sought safety in this wilderness after the Restoration. After Waterloo and the Hundred Days a number of the followers of Napoleon fled to Philadelphia and subsequently obtained a grant of land in the Alabama wilderness. They located a village and called it Demopolis, signifying "city of the people." They named the district Marengo, and the county still bears that name; also the new American town near the "French village" still bears the name of Demopolis. Some of these exiles were of the most distinguished names in France at that period. Count Lefebvre Desnoettes was a lieutenant general, had fought in the war of La Vendee, taking the command which the young Napoleon had refused, and afterward gained distinction in the Napoleonic campaigns. He was the wealthiest man in the colony and at intervals received remittances from France. The source was never known to the colonists. He had a large orchard and vineyard and lived as royally as one can in a wilderness. Another, Col. Nicholas Raoule, was with Napoleon at Elba and commanded the advance guard when he marched into France at the beginning of the Hundred Days. At Demopolis Colonel Raoule kept a ferry, himself plying the oars. It was remarked by the rough backwoodsmen that the "French ferryman" had "fine features" and must have been "a great man somewhere." In this land of liberty they had only a vague idea of the meaning of "political exile." Henry L'Ailemond, a lieutenant general, was another colonist. He was accompanied by his wife, a strikingly beautiful woman, who was a marchioness and the maid of honor to Queen Caroline of Italy. They lived at Demopolis for about twenty years, when they went to Mexico, where her husband was given a command in the national army.

Gen. Count Bertrand Clausel, a follower of Napoleon, was another colonist, who, feeling rather lonesome in the wilderness, went to the larger town of Mobile, where he followed gardening. He drove his market wagon into town and himself sold the vegetables with the "greatest courtesy," according to the local chroniclers. He afterward returned to France and was created Marshal of Algeria.

Gen. J. J. Cluis was another of the exiles. He fought under Napoleon in Spain, and to him was given the custody of the royal person of Ferdinand VII., who was dethroned to make room for Napoleon's brother, Joseph.

Gen. Joseph Rico, a Spanish revolutionist, came with General Cluis. M. Piernes, who voted for the death of Louis XVI., and a son of Marshal Grouchy, were also members of the colony of exiles.

These exiles were not successful farmers. They lived in poverty until such times as political changes permitted their return to France. The nobles finally returned and the others abandoned their grant, some returning to Philadelphia and others going to New Orleans, where their descendants live in the "Latin quarter."—Philadelphia Times.

Roosevelt's Negro Guest.

The colored barytone of St. George's Church, in New York City—a Mr. Burleigh—went to Albany one day to sing at a private musicale. After it was over the barytone went to a nearby hotel, but was refused admittance because of his color. Four other hotels were unwilling to receive him. Coming back to the house where he had sung he explained his predicament. Governor Roosevelt, who had been one of the guests, heard the conversation. "What's that?" he roared. "Here, Burleigh, you come with me. I'll see to it that you get a bed." He drove to his own home, gave the singer the best guest room in the house, and saw to it before he went to bed that every Albany newspaper would announce the next morning that Mr. Burleigh had been a guest at the Executive Mansion.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Where He Shone.

A Thespian who spent several years trying to get beyond "the carriage-awaits-mil-lord" station in first-class Broadway productions was induced by his brother to join him in the dairy business in the City of Mexico. While on a business trip to this city recently buying new machinery and appliances for his prosperous Mexican creameries he met one of his former companions who was still struggling for an opportunity to "say lines." An exchange of confidences revealed the fact that the former actor was now making a snug fortune in the milk business, and his friend, the persevering player, remarked: "You're all right, Billy. You could never have shone in a theatrical way, but you are a star in a milky way."—New York Evening Sun.

Mining Depths.

The greatest depth at which mining operations are carried on in Great Britain is 3,500 feet—at the Pendleton Colliery. In the Lake Superior district this depth has been greatly exceeded, the Calumet and Hecla copper mine having a depth of 4,900 feet. At Mons, in Belgium, a colliery is being worked at a depth of nearly 4,000 feet.

The new moon is like a giddy young girl—not old enough to show much reflection.



Worthy Motive.

You cannot attain your best unless the motive of your life is clear and pure. "Why am I doing this?" That is the question a true man should keep asking himself repeatedly, that he may be able to detect his motives and govern them. For even a high attainment may be a failure in its result if a low desire has incited to the struggle. Undoubtedly the reason so many men fall in responsible positions is because they have reached those positions with sordid motives. To make money, to gain applause, to feel the thrill of power—do you suppose any ruler of city or State or country can be nobly successful who has had such motives to force him in the struggle? If you do your work because you must, or to get through with it, or to bring for yourself human praise, do you suppose you can possibly do your best? Some one asked me once why the little creatures of earth do such perfect work, the worm with his chrysalis, the bee with his honeycomb, the spider with his web, the bird with his nest. The answer was that the motive placed as an instinct by God in each creature's body had a single character, namely, the fulfillment of a purpose, the purpose which the chrysalis or the honeycomb or the web or the nest had to subserve. Well, it is so with you. For what are you adding those figures, studying those books, keeping your store, pursuing your profession, teaching those children? Is there a purpose of which you are not ashamed inspiring and energizing you? Good work in the sight of human judges may be done by men of selfish motives. The best work as seen by God can only result from honest desire. You and I are never at our best when we are self-conscious; and self-consciousness can only be killed by a grand, pure motive which enters into all we do and all we are.

"I Shall Sleep with Him To-Night."

Sometimes I believe that the little ones say the best things after all, says a writer who reports this touching incident. I knew a family in Detroit who were heart-broken and sad this Saturday night.

There were three Saturday, but today only two are left. The tie that bound them more closely than that which the clergyman drew has lately been loosened, and the light of their lives went out with the red winter sun.

The father is a railroad man, whose duty called him away from home nearly three-fourths of the time. It was his habit, whenever he was about to start for home, to telegraph his wife, apprising her of the fact. In these telegrams he never failed to mention the name of his little 4-year-old, and the dispatches usually ran as follows:

"Tell Arthur I shall sleep with him to-night."

The baby boy was very proud of these telegrams, which his mother would read over to him, and he considered the "telegraf" a great institution.

The other night, when the fever had done its work, and the mother was sobbing out her anguish, the little one turned calmly in his bed and said:

"Don't ky, mamma; I shall s'leep wiv Dad, 'oo kyow. Send God a telegraf, and tell him I shall s'leep wiv him to-night."

But the message went straight up there without the clicking of wires or the rustle of wings.—Union Gospel News.

Says Deluge Is Geological.

Letters have been received from Rev. Dr. George Frederick Wright, an authority on the glacial period and biblical geology, telling of the results of his search in Asia for evidences that the deluge covered the whole earth.

Dr. Wright secured a leave of absence from Oberlin, Ohio, University and sailed for Japan early last year. He went at once to Siberia and began his work. His son accompanied him as an assistant. The professor went all through Siberia and then proceeded to Syria via the Ural and Caucasus mountains. In a letter received in New York from him at Jerusalem, Professor Wright concludes his statement of the results as follows:

"I have found indisputable evidence of an extensive submergence of the land extending to the base of Mount Ararat, and that this submergence took place subsequent to the appearance of man on the earth. The Russian geologists have recently found remains of man deep down in the deposits connected with this period of submergence.

"The one point of certainty is that since man's appearance there has been a period of instability in the earth's crust in Northern and Central Asia, which shows that the biblical account of the flood is an entirely credible story."

Do Not Worry.

The word worry comes from an old English word, which means to strangle. It is a disposition which, if indulged in, will strangle our peace and happi-

ness and our spiritual life. Most of the worry of this world is extremely foolish, for it is usually over things that never occur. And most people can look back and ridicule themselves over their needless anxieties. God takes care of His creatures, the birds and lilies; of course, He will of us.

The cure for worry. Some have laid down this rule: Do not worry about the things that you cannot help, for it will do no good. Do not worry about the things you can help, for you are wasting time that might be spent in doing them. But these are semi-worldly maxims. A better rule is to give yourself up to God, and ask Him to kill the old self-life out of your heart and give you a clean heart. Get the blessing of a pure heart, and then your doubts will be gone, and you can trust God to take care of you, and believe that all He does is for the best.—Philadelphia Methodist.

A Father's Vain Regrets.

I shall never forget the impression made upon me during the first year of my ministry," said a well-known pastor, "by a mechanic whom I had visited, and upon whom I urged the paramount duty of family prayer. One day he entered my study, bursting into tears, as he said:

"You remember that girl, sir? She was my only child. She died suddenly this morning. She has gone, I hope, to God; but if so, she can tell Him what now breaks my heart, that she never heard a prayer in her father's house, or from her father's lips! Oh, that she were here with me for one day again!"

The Sweetest Revenge.

The sweetest revenge you can take is to prove that your enemy was mistaken in judging you harshly. Do him a service, though he has done you an injury, and thus killing a foe by making him a friend. It is a hard lesson to learn, but it is worth learning.—Rev. George H. Hepworth.

CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION.

Proceedings on Board a Man-of-War Before a Fight Begins.

The modern armor-clad war vessel, whether battle ship, cruiser or monitor, is practically an experiment as regards the actual amount of damage she could inflict and stand in action. But there is no uncertainty as to how she would fight and what would take place above and below her decks as, stripped to the waist and in her war paint of ghostly gray she sailed into the thunderous combat.

At the shrill call of the boatswain's whistle to clear ship for action every man is at his post and hard at work. Flagstaffs, railings, hatchways, ventilators and canopy frames disappear as if by magic, anchor cranes are turned down out of the way and the decks left bare save for the flash plates that take the first blast of the great guns. Boats and davits are stowed down beyond the sweep of the long black muzzles, loose woodwork and all inflammable material are either thrown overboard or soaked with water, while the pumps and fire hose are ready for instant use. Everything is clear and snug, but the flag remains floating in defiance at the masthead. The men, like the ship, are naked to the waist, and most of them are barefoot. They have given their keepsakes and messages to the chaplain and think only of going into the fight—not if they will ever come safely out of it. The gunners stand in readiness about the larger pieces, each with his store of ammunition close at hand. The captain in the conning tower, sheltered by a foot of steel, scans the horizon. On the bridges, at the guns, at the hoists, in the magazines and shell rooms every one calmly waits.

Not a word is spoken except the quiet brief commands of the divisional officer, but the engines are pounding and seething away, and the ship rushes upon the enemy, perhaps two or three miles away. In the distance a flash, a puff of smoke, a muffled boom signals the opening, and then at last the twelve-inch rifles belch forth their awful thunder. The dogs of war have begun to bark. The rest is a hell of smoke and fire, of sound and fury, subsiding only with the mingled cries of victory and death.—Leslie's Weekly.

They Dispersed.

An old colored man stopped in a store a few nights ago and asked for a few matches. When asked what he wanted with them he said he wanted to look for a ten-dollar bill. The proprietor not only gave the matches, but he furnished the old man with a candle and assisted in the search. A crowd soon collected, and the striking of matches along the sidewalk resembled a miniature Fourth of July celebration. Finally, one of the party, after watching the old man a while, said:

"Say, uncle, where do you think you lost that note?"

The old man slowly straightened himself, with one hand to his rheumatic back, and replied:

"Oh! Ah didn't los' one at all. Ah was jist hopin' Ah might fin' one."

The crowd quickly dispersed.

She Was Angry.

Mr. Glanders—What makes Miss Bloomers so cross?

Mr. Gargyle—Young Sprockets told her she was no gentleman.—Art in Dress.

The instructor of a swimming school is literally immersed in business.

The maiden's band of hope is a band.

A NEW TRICK WITH MATCHES

Here is a match trick which just now is puzzling a good many people in England, says the New York Herald: "A" says to "B": Here are twenty-five matches. Now let each of us take away, in rotation, not more than three at a time. You may begin. Whoever gets the last match loses.

"All right," says "B." "I'll begin." And now they take them away as follows:

"B"..... 1 3 2 3 3 2
 "A"..... 3 1 2 1 1 2

This makes twenty-four, so that the last match falls to "B." It will be seen that "A" each time takes away a number of matches which, added to those taken by "B," makes four, and as twenty-five is one in excess of a multiple of four "B" cannot help losing.

But the latter does not know it, plays



again, loses again, and makes "A" begin. "A" begins:

"A"..... 3 2 3 2 1 3
 "B"..... 3 1 2 3 1 2

This makes twenty-four, and "B" loses. "A" simply operates so that as soon as possible the number of matches from which "B" has to take shows one in addition to a multiple of four, and from then on again takes away a number, which, added to those taken by "B," makes four. Of course, the total number of matches is not restricted to twenty-five. It may be 29, 37, 43, 101, etc., but must always be one in excess of a multiple of four.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

The manager of a St. Louis manufacturing company, Mr. M. V. Kelley, has given the results of his experience in these words: "In advertising, as in everything else, persistence will win. I've tried it. I know it. There is not an article of any merit whatever that cannot be sold through advertising and take the field over products that are not advertised."

A Chicago merchant of experience places more stress on the constancy of the advertiser than on the striking character of the advertisement. He declares that "the ad." that is always on the firing line, through thick and thin, in season and out of season, is the "ad." that will win its share in the division of trade. The "ad." that is run at intervals must enter the lists each time as a new competitor."

In all its all-pervading influence advertising seems to be like the truncheon, according to Mr. Bryan, "we encounter from the cradle to the grave." Certainly publicity promotes the sale of every commodity for which man has use during his lifetime; but its power as a stimulator of demand is not limited to such articles. A Boston company which makes tombstones and monuments has built up an enormous business in New England by persistent advertising in the newspapers.—Philadelphia Record.

A notable evidence of the progress of newspaper advertising has been provided by the book publishers. Until recently these publishers, like some other business men, considered that it was essential to their dignity to avoid anything striking in the wording and the type of their advertisements, and indeed, to advertise only in a very limited way. All the publishers and some bankers, insurance men and others have discovered that to do the largest amount of business it is necessary to do a large amount of newspaper advertising, and to word their "ads." so as to arrest attention.



Up-to-Date.

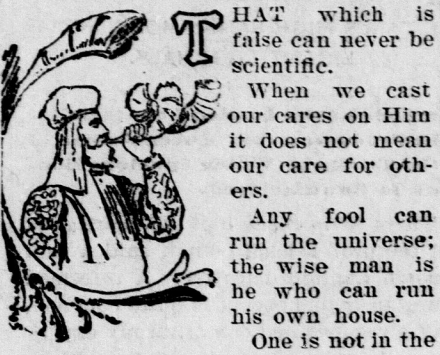
Poeticus—I have here a companion poem to "The Man with the Hoe." Editor—What is it called? Poeticus—"The Woman with the Ax." and I've dedicated it to Mrs. Nation.—Chicago Chronicle.

Nine out of ten men who get into business trouble, finally credit it to refusal to let well enough alone.

The astronomer is a space reporter.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



HAT which is false can never be scientific.

When we cast our cares on Him it does not mean our care for others.

Any fool can run the universe; the wise man is he who can run his own house.

One is not in the land of the living till he has passed from this world of the dying.

It is easy to recover from another man's adversity.

"The dancing Christian" has a sound like "the holy devil."

There is no fertilizer that will make oranges grow on choke-cherry trees.

God's blessings come back to us in the baskets in which we send our gifts to others.

Every man bears his own burden, but not every one has the blessing of bearing another's.

The buzzing of a fly in the meeting may make more trouble than the howling of a mob.

When our wills conflict with Christ it is poor policy to seek peace by casting out the peace-giver.

God's pardon waits for your penitence, but His punishments will not have the same patience.

You will find an angel on the back of some cards, but you will find the devil on the front of them all.

Some people think to get heaven in their hearts and glory on their heads while their hands gather the pickings of hell.

It is generally believed that the expression "trumpet of the Lord" does not refer to the deacon who sleeps in the meeting.

GAVE HIS BOAT FOR A LIFE.

Touching Instance of Real Benevolence by a Poor Kanaka.

A very curious and beautiful letter was once written to President Lincoln that would certainly have given him peculiar pleasure if he had read it, but he never did. This is how it was: In 1863 some pirates from Peru captured and carried off some natives from the Marquesas Islands in the South Seas. One of them was a son of a powerful chief, and the father made a vow that he would, for revenge, eat the first white man who fell into his hands.

A man named Whalan, the first mate of a New Bedford whaling-ship, was before many months captured by the Marquesans; he it was who must furnish a feast for the cannibal chief; but all the people he ruled over were not cannibals. Among them was a native missionary from Hawaii, named Kakela. Kakela had just received a present of a boat from religious people in Boston, a valuable, six-oared boat that he needed much in his missionary work. He set about trying to save Mr. Whalan's life, but the chief would give him up only on one condition—that he should have the new boat in exchange for the captive. Kakela bought him at that price, and helped him to leave the islands.

The story came to President Lincoln's knowledge, and in the midst of the terrible cares that the life and death struggle of the nation threw on him, he characteristically found time to send a message and a present to the poor South Sea missionary. Kakela wrote a letter of thanks in return, which closed with these sentences: "As to this friendly deed of mine, its seed was brought from your great land by certain of your countrymen who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii and I brought it here that these dark regions might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is love. How shall I repay your great kindness to me? Thus David asked of Jonathan, and thus I ask of you, the President of the United States. This is my only payment, that which I received from the Lord, 'love.' May the love of Jesus Christ abound toward you till the end of this terrible war in your land."

Before the letter reached the White House President Lincoln had died at the hands of the assassin.

Lots of Fish; Few Mermaids.

The colonel occasionally broke forth in language not exactly suited to the drawing-room. The colonel was well on in the '50s and had not married. Not that he couldn't, he was wont to explain, but because so few women struck his fancy.

One evening the colonel attended a little "at home," and taking the hostess, a very dear friend of his, aside, poured into her ear the story of his rejection by a charming young woman whom he had asked to be his wife. The hostess thought the colonel needed sympathy, and, beckoning a charming dinner companion to her, said:

"Colonel—has been telling me that he has not been fortunate in winning the hand of Miss—. Now, I think the colonel ought to remember the old adage: 'There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.'"

"Yes, madam, lots of fish, but there are so few mermaids," interrupted the colonel.—New York Evening Sun.

Life is a journey—and from the way some people eat one would suppose they were taking in provisions to last during the entire trip.

It was a son of Erin who wanted to buy an empty barrel of salt to make a pig pen for his dog.

A woman's true worth is measured by the sweetness there is in her disposition.

ATCHISON GLOBE LIGHTS.

Comments on Everyday Affairs by an Original Genius.

A love affair is the only thing that will open some men's pocketbooks. Lots of young men give bashfulness as an excuse for not going out in society.

When a friend is in trouble, don't ask, "Can I do anything?" Do something.

The friends who have something disagreeable to say to you always find time to call.

About the first discovery that a widow makes is that she married entirely too young.

If you want a boy to deliver a pint of berries to a neighbor, give him a gallon when he starts.

A jolly should be heard only by the person for whom it is intended. To others it is an emetic.

Having no opportunity to do wrong doesn't make you better than those who have every chance.

If a woman has absolute faith in her husband, it is a great compliment to his powers of concealment.

There are very few occasions in a woman's life that do not compel her to trot right down to the dry goods stores.

Things even themselves up: When the grocery bill is small, it means that the drygoods bill will be larger than usual.

Give a woman something good to eat and she doesn't thoroughly enjoy it until she has found a hungry boy to divide with.

Some persons think a furnace is the hardest thing in the world to regulate, but that is because they have forgotten their love affairs.

After every marriage, it is said the bride must have money of her own, but it turns out usually that it is the groom going in debt.

Every thing seems to be produced on a larger scale than twenty years ago, except the strap that hung behind the kitchen door.

Probably you are familiar with the careless manner in which people "talk" about each other, and of course you know you don't escape.

A law should be passed prohibiting engineers, and other persons upon whose carefulness depend the lives of others, from falling in love.

The doctrine that it is more blessed to give than to receive, is always entertained by those persons who believe the world owes them a living.

The crazy man, with the state taking care of him, and unlimited time to talk and handle big enterprises, is all right; it is sane kin who are miserable.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who would as soon go to church without her bonnet, as to go to see a sick neighbor without taking something to eat?

It makes no difference how much preachers and Sunday school teachers talk, the children's idea of heaven is always taken from the transformation scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

IS CHEESE A NUISANCE?

New York Supreme Court Held that It Was Not.

Limburgercheese—rather its odor—was passed upon by the New York Supreme court the other day. The court's decision was that Limburger cheese kept on the premises of a firm dealing in butter and cheese is not a public nuisance which the courts will abate, at the suit of adjoining property-owners, and this although the cheese is kept in enormously large quantities.

In a dissenting opinion filed by Judge Hatch, however, the following language is used: "The odor from Limburger cheese, when it is given a fair opportunity to spread itself, is overwhelming and unless the olfactory sense be educated to the liking or deadened to its presence, it is about as offensive an odor as can greet the olfactory nerve of human beings. That the premises are inhabitable in its continued exposed presence will not be generally believed and when it is combined with the odoriferousness arising from the cheese, we can readily see that a stench can be produced by the side of which the smell of hogpens and slaughterhouses might be regarded as delicate perfume. It is enough to say that language fails in description of such an odor and it is evident that the witnesses for the plaintiff were baffled in their attempt by lack of power to describe the overwhelming presence. It needs no occult power to understand that only a small quantity of Limburger cheese is necessary to fill the atmosphere with smell. We have seen a single wagon, containing a large quantity, drive people from the street along which it passed and we can readily understand that by constant use the wagons come to have a distinctive smell entirely their own."

Called to Preach.

It is to be feared that some other men's "call" to preach is not more imperative than that of the negro referred to by Mr. Booker Washington in the Outlook.

The old negro was working in the cotton-field one hot day in July. Suddenly he stopped, and looking toward the sky, he exclaimed:

"O Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de wuk am so hard, an' de sun am so hot, dat I b'lieve dis darky am called to preach!"

Exercise for a Fat Man.

Club attendant (to stout party who is struggling into overcoat)—Allow me, sir.

Stout party—No, don't trouble. This is the only exercise I ever take!—London Punch.

DANCED WITH THE QUEEN.

The Only American Who Ever Obtained that Coveted Honor.

"Richard, I am told thee has been dancing with the queen. I do hope, my son, thee will not marry out of meeting."

The good, old-fashioned quaker simplicity and distrust of royalty were never better exhibited than in these words of the mother of the late Richard Vaux. They were her first greeting to him on his return home from the court of St. James after his memorable exploit at the court ball in Buckingham palace, when he attained the distinction of being the only American who ever danced with Queen Victoria.

It was in 1837. Mr. Vaux's position as secretary to Mr. Stevenson, United States minister to the court of St. James, was in itself a noteworthy one, and brought him at once into social prominence in London, but his exceptional personal attributes, his brilliancy of conversation, charm of person, exquisite manners, elegance of diction and gallantry of carriage made him the guest of a court cavalier and a welcome guest in the houses of the nobility, where he was received and welcomed with open arms, says the Philadelphia Press. No one, therefore, was greatly surprised in court circles when it became known that the young queen had singled him out for a signal honor, and had commanded that he attend the court ball at Buckingham palace, which was to be given in honor of her coronation.

When, however, the night of the ball arrived, and the "queen's cotillon" set was formed, and the guests beheld Richard Vaux, arrayed in his brilliant court costume, take his place in it, a position that was supposed to be reserved for royalty alone, there was surprise and excitement indeed. Then the music struck up and the gallant young American threaded his way through the intricacies of the royal dance, bearing himself with an air of grace and confidence that was wonderful to behold. The queen was seen to smile in gracious approval as he took her hand and led her through the evolutions of the dance. And there was not a man present who would not have given a coronet to win so coveted a distinction.

After that Mr. Vaux's career was a series of brilliant social triumphs. In his candidacy for congress, in 1890, certain voters in his district resented his having danced with the queen of England, and used the fact against him as a reflection on his democracy.

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

"Four-Leaved Clover" is the title of the new novel on which the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" is at work.

Mrs. Voynich's novel, "Jack Raymond," will be ready for publication in England soon. The author of "The Gadfly" has preserved a long silence, and it is to be hoped that her second book will prove a worthy successor to the earlier work.

George Moore is trying a rather remarkable experiment. He has rewritten his novel, "Evelyn Innes," and that so thoroughly that it will be practically a new book. Thus altered, "Evelyn Innes" is to be published at the same time as Mr. Moore's wholly new novel, "Sister Theresa," which is in the nature of a sequel.

A new novel by Julien Gordon, under the title of "Mrs. Clyde," a story of a social career, has appeared. It is a novel of American life, containing glimpses of Boston, Washington and New York society, and while it is said that certain of the characters are susceptible of identification, there is no final authority for this.

Kindergarten in Cuba.

The second annual report of the Cuban Orphan school, of which General Francis V. Greene is President, has been made public.

For the first year of its existence the work of the society was all in the direction of relief. Then, early in 1900, the government of the island took the relief work off its hands and left the society to take up educational work along kindergarten and manual training lines. At the present time the society maintains free kindergartens for destitute children and small manual training schools in Santa Maria del Rosario, Matanzas, Guantanamo, and Sagua la Grande. It is teaching 150 boys and 32 girls manual training; has 145 children in its kindergartens; has organized 100 poor widows into sewing clubs; has established English classes in some of the public schools, and is teaching 40 public school teachers the principles and methods of kindergarten work so that they may apply them in the public schools.

Considerable Difference.

Melton—Our minister impressed it upon his congregation that the world was consanguineous.

Fenwick—Our minister merely said all the world was kin. Is there any difference?

Melton—Most assuredly! Your minister only gets one thousand a year, but ours gets ten thousand.—Philadelphia Record.

In every married couple, one has the other bluffed.

Children's Corner

Indian Child Life.

There is not so much difference after all between Indian and white children. The Indian boy of the Flathead reservation, writes a Montana correspondent, has his miniature bow with its diminutive quiver of arrows and bestrides a stick and gallops to the chase; later, when he has attained sufficient length of limb to bestride a cayuse, he is given a pony, which succeeds the stick as a steed, though it has not much more rapid powers of locomotion. His sports resemble in many respects those of his white brother. He plays a form of "shinny," he hunts imaginary deer and bear and buffalo, and it is reasonable to suppose that he engages in warfare with the trespassing pale face, and routs him utterly from the hunting grounds of his fathers. He is in every respect a boy, and a boy is about the same sort of an animal no matter where he is found, whether it be in a tepee or in a mansion.

The Indian girl, too, has her quiet play, as does her white sister. She has her dolls—she calls them papooses—and her mother finds time to make for her a tiny cradle board, which she swings across her back and "picks" her crude babies of wood or of buckskin. But her playtime is of shorter duration than that of her brother. She early learns the lesson of stolid obedience to the male members of the family. She is the same servant of her big brothers that her mother is of her father. But she knows nothing different and she accepts with Indian stoicism.

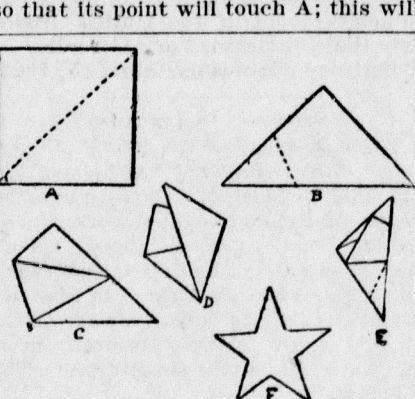
If you can watch Indian children at play, yourself unobserved by them—for they are extremely shy—you will see that there is not much difference between their amusements and those of the children that you see at home. The pony, the dog, the chickens, the pigs—all furnish amusement for the little reds. They practice throwing the rope at the dog and the pig, and they find in the chickens excellent moving targets for their bows and arrows.

Just as the parents of prospective Presidents and first ladies of the land delight to array their youngsters in attractive raiment, so the Indian parent finds pleasure in clothing his children in the best that he can purchase. An Indian child dressed for a holiday is a picturesque object. He is covered with beads and fringe and fur and trinkets. He is a brave in epitome and his sister is a reduced copy of her mother.

Then there is another striking similarity between the Indian child and his white fellow. There is nothing that he likes better than a story. His mother, when he is a baby, croons to him the song that her mother sang to her in infancy, and it is as universal among these people as a Rock-a-bye-Baby among white mothers. When he is older his mother tells him the interesting stories of the coyote, the wolf and the bear—of folk lore of his tribe. As he becomes old enough to attract the attention of his father, the latter occasionally tells him stories of the old-time prowess of his tribal chiefs, of their warfare and their triumphs of the chase. The flickering light of the tepee fire throws shadows which his imagination easily transforms into warriors and hunters of mighty valor. And so the boy grows up. If you know what white boys are, you know what little Indians are, for boys are boys.

To Make a Five Pointed Star.

The design shown in the illustration makes clear the problem of accurately cutting a five-pointed star for flag or other purposes: Take a square of cardboard and draw the diagonal dotted line, as in figure A; fold the square on these dotted lines, and the result will be figure B. Then make the dotted lines shown here and bend this triangle over so that its point will touch A; this will



HOW IT IS DONE.

give figure C. The triangle C is folded over at the lettered line B C, figure D resulting. The left side of figure D is then folded back on the right, with the result seen in figure E. Cut along the dotted line from the center of the longest side of the triangle, as seen in the illustration. When the cardboard is unfolded the perfect star, as at figure F, appears. The points may be blunt or sharp according to the position of the dotted line in figure E. By moving it further to the right the points will be made sharp and to the left broader. This process of making the star will be found simple, if the illustrations are carefully studied.

The Boy Who Tries.

The boy who wins is sure of praise, And yet, I somehow prize Through stress of dark and cloudy days The gallant boy who tries.

Not once or twice nor thrice he lifts His sturdy hand ere life Shows bright and clear the blue that rifts

With peace the sky of strife.

The lad whose valor holds its own In presence of defeat.

Who falls and rises, makes no moan In dust, or cold, or heat.

I find it in my very soul To bless the stubborn stuff That takes of poverty its toll, And makes that dole enough.

A thousand praise the boy who wins, But twice ten thousand rise Beyond this world of clamorous din To praise the boy who tries.—Margaret E. Sangster.

A Little Swapper.

A little boy was suffering from a severe cold, and his mother gave him a bottle of cough mixture to take while at school. On his return she asked if he had taken his medicine.

"No," he answered, "but Bobby Jones did. He liked it, so I swapped it with him for a handful of peanuts."

Johnnie's Charity.

Mother—Johnnie, what became of the piece of cake I left on this plate?

Johnnie (aged 5)—I gave it to a poor, hungry little boy, mamma.

Mother—That's right, dear; I'm glad to see you are inclined to be charitable. But who was the poor little fellow?

Johnnie—Me.

HOW A YOUNG FATHER FEELS.

Emotions that Overcome Him Are Experienced But Once.

When the average novel writer wishes to describe a set of emotions for which he has no appropriate name, he usually refers to them as being "mingled," and this, perhaps better than anything else, reflects the condition of a man when he first becomes a father.

Coupled with the feeling of intense pride that comes to you as one of the "interested parties" in such a momentous event, is the kindred feeling of utter insignificance you also have, which acts as an antidote.

After being ordered out of the room by the doctor and the trained nurse you wander aimlessly down a side street, although you cannot for the life of you tell what there is to be ashamed at—and as you approach your office you grow more and more uneasy.

And yet, while there is guilt written all over your face there wells up in your heart a veritable fountain of intense egotism, which is immediately on tap to the first moment of confidence.

You assume a careless, devil-may-care air, and carry your indifference to the point of intensity. And then in response to inquiries—for your face itself is a story bearer—you announce, as if it happened daily like the weather report and the time table, that it is a boy or a girl, as the case may be. Thus you run the gamut, and, finding that the world still moves and breathes and everybody is inclined to settle down, you watch your chance and get the first unmarried man you can find to consent to listen to you. You pour into his sympathetic ear the whole story. You tell him how much the baby weighs, who it looks like, how you felt and how you feel. You describe your aspirations for that child, talk about love and duty and education and training, get more confidential and finally leave him, with a sense of your own intense importance which only another interview with the doctor and the trained nurse—and the baby—can wipe out.

But all things have an end. At the end of a month, while you are at your desk at profit and loss, someone comes in, slaps you on the back and shouts: "Well, old man, how's the baby?" And you reply absent-mindedly: "Oh, he's all right!"—Life.

HE REASONED IT OUT.

How a Small Boy Accounted for Bad Weather.

There is always some one who has a good baby story to tell, and here is the latest. This baby is one of a larger growth, a small boy who has reached the mature age of 6 years. He had a great disappointment the other day. He was to be taken on a nice little excursion, and he certainly would have gone but for the weather, which on this particular day was so very bad that no mother would take a small boy out in it. Being a boy, the young man did not cry, but he felt hurt, and set out in a logical masculine way to reason matters out. He is a well-taught smart boy, and he has learned many things, among others something of the creation of the world ages ago and the Creator. He also knows that the Creator of the world is the Creator of what is known as the weather. After thinking the matter over, he went to his mother.

"Mamma, it is a long time since God made the world, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered mamma, "a long time."

"Then, don't you think, mamma," he went on, earnestly, "that he is getting pretty old to manage it?"

The young man's reasoning had what he must have considered a sound basis, the family concluded in thinking it over, for he has a grandmother who is now an old lady, and he has frequently heard remarks as to her inability to do this, that, or the other on account of her age.—New York Times.

Women Beat Men Again.

Statistics show that women live longer than men. For instance, in Germany, only 413 out of 1,000 males reach the age of fifty years, while more than 500 out of 1,000 females reach that age. In the United States there are 2,583 female to 1,398 male centenarians. In France, of ten centenarians, seven are women and only three men. In the rest of Europe, of twenty-one centenarians sixteen are women.

Deaf Mutes in Germany.

Deaf-mutes are on the increase in Germany. There are no fewer than 6,458 persons in institutions where deaf-mutes are specially instructed.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance, \$1.50
Six Months, " 1.00
Three Months, " .50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand and Linden Avenues.
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Branch Office, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1901.

The big steel trust is threatened with a big labor strike.

San Mateo will receive a visit from President McKinley.

In the Philippines one province after another is becoming pacified and receiving the benefits of organized civil government.

The petition for the establishment of a fire department has been sleeping. It should be revived and once more presented to the Board of Supervisors. If something is not done we will find this town in ashes some fine day.

Our town has not lapsed into a cow pasture and horse ranch. R. J. Carroll has been appointed poundkeeper and has given notice that he will impound all stock found running at large on and after May 1st.

Senator Cockrell of Missouri agrees with Senator Proctor of Vermont with regard to the situation in Cuba. Both Senators have visited the islands, and while they represent opposite political parties they agree that Cuba must accept the Platt amendment.

A GREAT ASSEMBLY OF FLORAL PEOPLE.

OBJECTS OF THE CONGRESS.

To advance the Art of Ornamental Horticulture. To promote acquaintance and interchange of ideas. To impart to the public a definite knowledge of the beauties and utilities of Nature and of the Art which doth mend Nature.

DELEGATES.

The territorial scope of the Congress includes Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Arizona and California. All Florists, Seedsmen, Botanists, Horticultural Writers and Teachers, Amateur Floriculturists, Landscape and Private Gardeners and members of Horticultural Societies are entitled to seats in the Congress.

Normal and public school teachers and all lovers of Nature will be welcome.

PROGRAM.

About fifty talented speakers and essayists have accepted places upon the program. The general divisions are: Department of Literature; Department of Botany; Department of Landscape Gardening; Department of Practice—Sections One, Two, Three and Four. A question box will also be opened. California speakers are limited to thirty minutes; speakers from other States to forty-five minutes. The opening session will begin at ten o'clock sharp the morning of May 14th.

SPECIAL RAILROAD RATES.

The Southern Pacific and Santa Fe R. R. Co's. have courteously granted a rate of one fare and one-third to all delegates attending the Congress and Show. This rate to be insured by securing from local agent a receipt certificate when ticket is purchased.

A better rate has now been made by the S. P. Co. (including all its lines) on account of President McKinley's visit to San Francisco at that time. The open rate is as follows:

One fare and one-third from points 125 miles or less distant.

One fare and one-fifth from points 200 miles or less distant but not less than 125 miles.

One fare from points over 200 miles. Tickets can be purchased for trains which arrive in San Francisco May 13th to 14th inclusive and are good for return May 14th to 18th inclusive.

THE ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW
Of the California State Floral Society will open at the close of the Congress and continue day and evening until May 18th inclusive. This Flower Show is the most notable floral event of the year in California.

The new Union ferry building in which the show will be held is located at the foot of Market street, five minutes ride from the principal hotels. The exhibition room is a magnificent marble hall, 500x40 feet.

Exhibits of outflow, plants, devices, etc., from all parts of California and sister States are welcome. For particulars of the flower show, address the manager, Mr. F. A. Miller, 215 Hayes street, San Francisco.

The Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, and several noted Eastern Horticulturists will be in attendance at the Congress and Show.

Mrs. Austin Sperry, Rec. Sec., 2100 Pacific ave., San Francisco.

Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, Cor. Sec., 3700 Washington St., San Francisco.
Emory E. Smith, Chairman, Palo Alto, Cal.

SUMMER SESSION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

There will be a truly remarkable array of scholars in the faculty of the approaching summer session of the University of California, from June 27 to August 7.

The Summer School, open without examination to all applicants of good character and intelligence, will number in its instructing staff thirty-five or more members of the regular faculty, including, among others, Professors Bacon, Hilgard, Wickson, Clapp, Gayley, Merrill, Margolia, Loughbridge, Page, Jaffa, Magee, and in addition John Dewey, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Chicago; H. Morse Stephens, Professor of Modern European and English History at Cornell University; Barrett Wendell, Professor of English in Harvard University; James E. Russell, Dean of Teachers' College of Columbia University; Liberty Hyde Bailey, Professor of Horticulture at Cornell; Ewald Flugel, Professor of English Philology at Stanford; Ellwood Cubberley, Associate Professor of Education in the same institution, and James M. Wilson, Irrigation Expert of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Courses will be offered in philosophy, education, history and political science, Semitic, Greek, Latin, English, Spanish, mathematics, physics, astronomy, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, physical culture, agriculture, horticulture, and irrigation. All the facilities of the library, laboratories, and museums will be available.

Many of the courses are planned particularly to meet the needs of teachers, to acquaint them with modern methods, and to freshen their inspiration. Particularly valuable are the opportunities for training in pedagogy, nature study, laboratory methods, and physical culture.

The short course in agriculture, a new departure for California, will enable practical farmers to learn the latest facts and methods of scientific agriculture, through hearing lectures by experts on topics such as irrigation practice, plant disease, breeds and breeding, milk and its products, food for men and animals, fruit-growing, and soils. The agricultural students may choose also courses in other departments.

In climate Berkeley is the chosen land of the summer session. The nearness of the Pacific tempers the days and makes excessive heat practically unknown.

A five-minute walk from the University buildings leads one into a delightful wilderness of rugged hills and shady canyons and winding country roads. The region round about is a tempting field for long tramps and bicycle rides. And with all its out-of-door charm, the University lies in a pleasant town of 15,000 people, with ample and comfortable accommodations for students, with electric cars, and with all present-day comforts. San Francisco, with its shops and libraries, theaters, parks, deep-sea shipping, strange sights, and historic flavor, is only fifty minutes distant—the fare ten cents.

A circular containing full information will be mailed free upon application to the Recorder of the Faculties, Berkeley, California. The fee for the session is \$10, and the student may choose one or many courses. Applications for admission should be filed, if possible, by June 17.

The University of California is now second among American universities in number of undergraduates, and sixth in total enrollment. It is growing in numbers more rapidly than any other American university. During the past year the enrollment increased 12.5 per cent; during the past eleven years, no less than five-fold. In last year's Summer Session 433 students were enrolled, more than in any other summer school in the United States save those of Harvard and Cornell. Berkeley, California, April 15, 1901.

Armour's Generosity.

The employees of the late P. D. Armour always referred to him as "the old man." This was not so much the result of a habit among workmen of calling their employer "the old man" as an eccentricity of the "old man" himself. When he wanted to give aid anonymously, he said, "That's from the old man." Many gifts went out of his pocket under the signature of "The Old Man."

A young girl went to the business office of the great packing concern one day to report the illness of a friend who worked as stenographer in the office. Mr. Armour happened to stand near and overheard the girl's request for an advance in her friend's salary with which to pay the doctor's bill. Thrusting his thumb into his vest pocket—that pocket which seemed a mint of greenbacks—he handed the girl a roll of bills.

"Take that to your friend," he said, then adding to relieve the girl's astonishment, "Tell her the old man sent it." Before the girl could thank him he was gone, but just as she left the building he again appeared and, finding her gone, hurried hatless into the street.

"Here, here! I forgot something," he called.

The girl turned back, and without a word Mr. Armour pressed something into her hand. She looked down. It was a \$20 bill.

Mr. Armour had decided that his gift was not sufficient and hastened to increase it.—New York Tribune.

Studies of the ocean bottom near the coast line of continents have shown that rivers of considerable size sometimes enter the sea beneath the surface.

MOVING PICTURES.

HOW THE SKETCHES ARE REPRODUCED UPON THE FILMS.

The Amount of Movement That May Be Crowded Into Fifty Seconds. The Greatest Successes Are Often Brought About by Accident.

"A queer thing about moving pictures," said an expert operator in that line to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "is the illusion they generally produce as to the time they occupy while on the screen. What is known as the 'standard exhibition film' is 50 feet long. It is used almost entirely for comic scenes, trick pictures and other effects that are got up in the studios of the experts who make them a specialty. Every theater goer has seen them, and I will venture the assertion that the average man will declare they take at least three or four minutes in passing before the eye. As a matter of fact the picture is on the screen less than one minute. You can easily figure it out for yourself. The ordinary 50 foot film of the kind to which I refer is put through the reproducing machine at the rate of 16 pictures to the second. Each picture is three-fourths of an inch broad, which makes the 16 measure exactly one foot, edge to edge; in other words, the film travels a foot a second—50 feet, 50 seconds. What gives it the effect of taking up so much more time is the immense lot of action that is usually crowded into the brief period it is in view. Until the moving picture was invented I don't think anybody had the least idea how much could be done in 50 seconds. It seemed hardly time enough to turn around in, yet when the experts began to study its possibilities they found it was ample for hundreds of little pictorial comedies that have since delighted audiences all over the world.

"It is entirely a matter of rehearsal. A subject is selected, generally calling for from three to four people, and every detail of the 'business' or action is carefully worked out in advance. Suppose, for illustration, that a comic burglary is the topic. The business, in skeleton, might run something like this: Old gentleman dozing in parlor; enter burglar; old gentleman awakes; burglar hides; enter policeman, searches the room, collars old gent; they fight and roll on the floor while burglar suddenly emerges and leaps out of the window. That doesn't sound particularly side splitting, but in the hands of intelligent comedians it can be made really very funny. The all essential thing is to crowd it into 50 seconds, and to that end each bit of action is carefully timed and made to fit into each other bit like so many well geared cogwheels. The old gentleman's startled yawn, the burglar's glance around the room and every step, movement and gesture from beginning to end is calculated with the utmost nicety, and at last after dozens of rehearsals the act is attempted before the recording machine. If everybody is lucky, it goes through on schedule time, but the slightest hitch is fatal, and if one occurs the film is spoiled, and they must try it all over again. No wonder it seems impossible to future spectators that so much could transpire in 50 seconds.

"But some of the most telling effects in composition pictures," continued the operator, "have been the result of accident. That was the case with a film that I had a hand in preparing and that afterward made a tremendous hit and proved to be one of the best sellers ever put on the market. In getting up the picture our principal purpose was to introduce a large and very intelligent bulldog I owned at the time, and we sketched out a simple little scene in which a tramp steals a pie from a kitchen window, is pursued by the dog and is last seen trying to scale the back fence with the animal hanging to his coatails.

"The training of the dog was the main trouble, but I finally taught him to lay hold of anything red, and we sowed a big piece of flannel as a mark to the back of our tramp's coat. Red photographs black, so it couldn't be

seen in the pictures, and after a good many rehearsals the dog learned to dash out at exactly the right moment and nail the marauder, whose cue was then to rush for the fence and consume the remaining time in making an apparently desperate effort to scramble over the top. At last we got everything all ready, gave the word and started the record machine to take the picture.

"Immediately the little comedy began. The tramp appeared, looked around stealthily, saw the pie, hooked it and was having a feast when out sprang the bulldog and seized him by the coatails. He thereupon sprinted to the fence and was about to carry out the rest of the programme when, to our consternation, the boards gave way, and he came down bang on top of the dog. The film had about ten seconds to run, and it was occupied in recording one of the liveliest scraps that ever happened. There was no hippodrome about it. Both parties were out for blood. When the fence fell, the bulldog had promptly transferred himself from the tramp's coattail to the tramp's calf, while that unfortunate person snatched up a broomstick and tried to pry him loose. They rolled over and put about 50 times as much action and animation in the last ten seconds as had been crowded into the preceding 40. We finally pulled them apart, and it was not until the negative was developed that we realized what a prize we had accidentally secured. That earnest and impromptu wind up has convulsed audiences all over Christendom and made fully as much of a hit in Europe as it did at home."

BETTER THAN LAW.

Julius Was Stumped, So He Concluded to Return the Property.

"I was in Mississippi during the car-pet bag days," said the Pittsburg story teller, "and one night at a hotel I was robbed of watch and money. I found out next day that it was one of the colored servants, and I went to a justice of the peace and swore out a warrant. The justice was also a colored man, and he didn't seem anxious to do the right thing. I think he was in with the thief, though willing to give me a show. When the prisoner took the stand, he declared that if he had stolen anything it was while he was walking around in his sleep. The statement caught his honor, and he said:

"'How yo' gwine to hold a pusson 'sponsible for what he does in his sleep? Dar ain't no law 'bout dat. If Julius dun took dat watch an money an didn't know what he was doin, den he's got to be discharged from custody.'"

"I was pleading my own case," continued the Iron City man, "and I replied to the judge that the rule ought to work both ways. If Julius had taken my property in his sleep, he ought to return it while he was in the same condition. I wasn't blaming him for being a somnambulist and was willing he should go free, but I should expect him to enter my room in his sleep that very night and leave my lost property on a chair. That was a stumper on judge and prisoner, and after scratching their heads and wiggling around his honor replied:

"Julius, dis yere case has dun got mixed up. 'Cordin to law yo' got away wid de stuff an can't be held, but 'cordin to de white man's dreambook yo's got to walk in yo'r sleep ag'in tonight an put yo'r stealin' back in his room. Dat will leave everyting jest as it was befo', an it 'pears to me dat yo'd better tackle some older man an do it wid yo'r eyes wide open."

"Julius didn't wait to walk in his sleep again, but handed me my property before we left the courtroom."—Philadelphia Press.

A Strange Instance of Heredity.

Two young men were walking down Chestnut street, when one of them stumbled slightly. Instantly he covered his eyes with both hands as though some dreadful explosion were about to happen. It was an odd and needless gesture, and in answer to a question from his friend he said of it:

"Whenever I stumble I do that. All my life I have been doing it. My foot slips and at once it seems to me that a great noise is to burst forth and a great flame to shoot up into my eyes. I could no more break myself of this habit than I could stop breathing.

"It is, my father says, a freak of heredity. My father is blind. He fought in the civil war, and in a certain charge one day as he ran toward the enemy his foot slipped in a furrow, he stumbled, and a shell burst in his face, blinding him. He was a young man then, and I was not yet born. He has always ever since put his hands to his eyes on stumbling, and I developed the habit at the age of 4.

"It is strange, too, how in precisely the same way my father and I make our common gesture. We place the back of our left hand over our eyes horizontally and set the palm of our right hand upon this vertically, forming a kind of cross. My father will have the habit till he dies, and I suppose that I, too, will have it all my life, thanks to heredity."—Philadelphia Record.

Faults in Decoration.

"The great fault," says a decorator who has the courage of his art, "that I find in the average home is its conglomerateness. This begins with the walls, that ought to be flowered and spotty about one time in a hundred and which are so 99 times in the same count. A safe rule to be followed by the rank and file of furnishers is that of plain walls. The spotty effects are sure to creep in before the furnishings are done and are less inartistic if against a plain background.

"We still get too much in our houses, forgetting every day the important basic principle of successful furnishing—viz, the useful thing beautiful in its suggestion of service and the beautiful thing really artistically beautiful and then not interfered with. A bit of delicate ivory carving has no place against a massive vase of Egyptian pottery. Use one or the other and leave either to work out unmoled its work of pleasing effect. A jumble of woods and materials, too, in fittings and furniture is detestable. Oak, cherry, marble, onyx and wicker in designs of colonial, empire and half a dozen other periods mingled suggest discord and restlessness rather than the harmony and peace that should be in every room."—Buffalo Express.

To Live Long.

Among the rules given by a physician to promote longevity is one forbidding the placing of the bed against the wall. This is in accord with the advice of another scientist, who demonstrated some time ago that the layer of air within a few inches of the wall of the average bedroom, with no ventilator but the window, is not disturbed by that draft. The rule further advises sleeping on the right side and the placing of a mat at the bedroom door, upon which, presumably, the dust from the shoes may be left, thus reducing the danger from disease germs. Adults are advised to drink no milk, to avoid intoxicants, which destroy the cells that in their turn destroy disease germs, and to eat fat, which feeds these cells. A rule to eat little meat and to see that it is well cooked is rather surprising. Another is full of wisdom: Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp and drains. The last four relate to mental therapeutics: Have change of occupation; take frequent and short holidays; limit your ambition; keep your temper.—New York Post.

THE MODERN COINER.

HE TAKES HIGH RANK AMONG INTELLIGENT CRIMINALS.

Methods of the London Counterfeiter in Producing the "Queer"—Some of the Tricks by Which Spurious Money is Manufactured.

There is no rogue half so incorrigible as the professional coiner, said a well known London detective. A reformed burglar or pickpocket is quite common, but a regenerated coiner, in my experience, is even more rare than a black swan or a dead donkey. There appears to be some fascination in the misapplied art, for no amount of punishment seems to deter a convicted coiner from returning to his molds and batteries the very moment he is free.

The modern coiner takes a very high rank among intelligent criminals and is as far removed from his forerunner of a few generations ago as an average man from an ape. The coiner of our grandfathers' days was indeed a clumsy workman, who was content with a battery made of jam jars, and manufactured his coins out of iron and tin, bismuth and brass, and the products of his "skill" would impose on none but the ignorant and careless.

Even today a few of the baser sort of coiners are almost equally primitive in their methods. Their batteries are crudely contrived out of domestic vessels, and the rest of their apparatus consists of plaster of paris and plumbago to make the molds, a crucible, an iron spoon, a file or two and a little grease. In fact, the whole of their equipment would be dear at half a crown. It is needless to say their victims are generally of the most ignorant classes, and even then they and their "snide pitchers," the men employed to pass the spurious coins, are often "tagged."

The "superior" coiner, however, is a man of considerable intelligence, who has often made an exhaustive study of metals and electroplating and can produce coins as perfect in appearance as any that are issued from the mint and which satisfy all the ordinary tests of weight and so on. In fact, many of the coins he produces are actually made of gold and silver, only the gold is of a low grade and is liberally alloyed with copper and silver, while it is a well known fact that it is possible to mold spurious coins of silver of the requisite fineness and yet make a profit of 100 per cent on the manufacture. At this rate of profit the business is quite lucrative enough to compensate for a little risk, and naturally such coins, which are of full weight and of standard silver, are most difficult to detect.

But most coiners are not satisfied with reasonable profit, and they prefer to make their silver coins of antimony and lead (antimony furnishing the bulk of the coin), covered, of course, with a coating of silver. Spurious gold coins are largely made of platinum, a metal which gives the requisite weight.

The process of coining is really very simple, although it requires both delicacy and manipulative skill. An exact impression is taken of the coin to be copied, and a mold is made from plaster of paris. The molten metal is then poured into the mold through a small aperture in it. Any superfluous metal is filed away, and the part from which it is removed is most carefully milled.

The coins are now placed in a rack in a silver solution, in which they are soon covered with a coating of silver electrically deposited on them. To re-

move any suspicious newness they are covered with a mixture of grease and cigar ash or lampblack. To increase the deception the coin which is copied is almost invariably old and worn, and the resultant copy, after undergoing the various doctoring processes, has all the appearance of a dirty, half obliterated coin of the days of the Georges.

A favorite trick with coiners of gold is to take a genuine sovereign and by drilling or slicing remove as much as possible of the interior gold, filling up the cavity with platinum, so as to preserve the proper weight and ring. By these artifices the sovereign loses half or even as much as three-quarters of its intrinsic value, while retaining the unmistakable appearance of a good coin.

Probably none but an expert teller could detect these impostures, but the ordinary spurious coin made from pewter, antimony, lead and similar base metals can almost invariably be detected by one of the following tests: If on rubbing the coin with a moistened finger the bright metal appears under the worn and dirty surface, you may be sure the coin is counterfeit. The practice of biting the coin, common to many people, is excellent, for the spurious coin is always "gritty" as distinguished from the smoothness of a genuine coin, and if you find that your suspicious coin will make a mark on a slate you may be sure that there is good ground for your distrust.—London Tit-Bits.

Comprehensive and Explicit.

A party of ladies were recently doing Boston and suburbs. Their chaperon had graduated with honor from a high school, had a smattering of college life, but not of the Harvard annex, and was in all respects a young lady of the up to date period. The party relied on their guide for instruction. When they reached the big grain elevator between Chelsea and Charlestown, their escort drew special attention to its construction and in a very bland way of conveying her knowledge said: "Ladies, this is a grain elevator. This is where they put in all the grain, and it comes out all ready for use."

One of the visitors in a surprised tone asked: "How can that be? I see no signs of machinery."

"Well," said the chaperon, "I don't know how it is myself, but that's the way it's done anyway."—Boston Traveler.

Rules For Preserving Life.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the Chicago philanthropist, when celebrating his eightieth birthday gave these rules for long life:

No pies or cakes; no pains or aches. Most men dig their graves with their teeth.

If you overwork your liver, it will soon tell on your brain.

Live like a farmer, and you will live like a prince.

Men can live ten days without eating. They can't do without pure air for five minutes.

Don't get angry and don't get excited. Every time you fret you lose a minute of life.

Let a man abuse his stomach, and he'll get fidgety and cross to his family.

Doctors say don't sleep on a full stomach. I take my after dinner nap just the same, and I'm 80 years old. You can't believe all the doctors say.

If you catch a cold, lose your quinine and eat an onion.

Give away your money. It's exhilarating and tends to longevity.

The idea of giving while one is alive will become epidemic as soon as men discover what fun it is.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN, PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut, AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES

House Broker, Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

Breezy weather. Church entertainment this evening. J. L. Wood has the new jail nearly completed.

Work is progressing on the Hans-brough Block.

Mr. Rollins has the new Clawson cottage enclosed.

Alex Gordon of Redwood City was in town Tuesday.

H. P. Tyson of San Francisco was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. S. C. Coombes has been quite ill the past week.

Mrs. Charles Johnson, who has been quite sick, is improving.

Mrs. Stafford has been very ill, but is, we are glad to say, recovering.

People's Store is selling goods at city prices with a big stock to select from.

The Red Men's dance was a most delightful and successful entertainment.

Mrs. Hickey and her two daughters of Chicago arrived on Saturday evening.

Mr. Bianchi has opened a saloon in the Bennett building formerly occupied by Tom Connolly.

In the suit of H. P. Tyson vs. Wm. Quan the verdict of the jury was in favor of Mr. Quan.

Mr. I. Abrams has removed from San Francisco and again taken up his residence in our town.

Don't forget the entertainment at Armour Pavilion this evening for the benefit of the church.

Dr. and Mrs. Atwood of San Francisco were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin Sunday.

A 2000-gallon oil tank has been placed at the pump house of the Land and Improvement Company.

Hon. James Hannon of Redwood City heard the case of Tyson vs. Quan in the Justice's Court on Wednesday.

Mr. Gilroy, special agent for the Phoenix Insurance Company was in town Monday on business for his company.

Tom Mason has made an extensive addition to his dwelling house. Tom has one of the nicest homes on Home Owners' Hill.

J. G. Stout has commenced work on raising the Hynding building on Grand avenue and putting a new foundation under the structure.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

W. F. Bailey has finished the work of papering and painting the interior of the corner store of the Merriam block, which A. E. Shirley will occupy as a dry goods store.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

The set of knives and forks given to the most popular child in town by Peck's Specialty Company, was won by Joseph Figueroa's little girl, who received the largest number of votes.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

On Saturday, the 13th inst., J. H. Cramer died of pneumonia in the city of San Francisco, at the age of 60 years. Mr. Cramer was a resident here in the early history of our town and leaves a son, Ernest Cramer, who is a citizen of this place. The funeral took place on Tuesday, April 16th. Interment Cypress Lawn Cemetery.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I have been duly appointed Poundkeeper for the First Township of San Mateo county, and that I will, as Poundkeeper, enforce the law strictly and impartially. Any stock found running at large on or after the 1st day of May, 1901, will be taken up by me and put in the public pound.

R. J. CARROLL, Poundkeeper.

THE SCHOOL.

Miss McGovern is sick with the mumps and is unable to teach this week. Miss Gilbert is substituting.

Miss Mount has been appointed to teach English in the schools of Manila.

The Institute is to be held at Pescadero May 7th, 8th and 9th. The instructors are T. L. Heaton of the State University and Miss Agnes E. Howe of the State Normal at San Jose. All who are interested are cordially invited to attend.

WAYSIDE NOTES ALONG SAN BRUNO ROAD.

Prospectors rushing to Los Boros district. O. Gillis finds a few large nuggets. He is meeting with great success. He is exhibiting a 10-ounce nugget, also some beautiful specimens of gold quartz, to everybody in the city of Cambria and San Luis Obispo.

He recently found one nugget weighing 2 pounds, which brought him \$1,002 in San Francisco. A short time ago he cleaned up \$432 in four hours' work. There is great activity in this new district and a large number of prospectors are rushing in. For further information see W. B. Markt at The Real Thing, San Bruno Road.

Mr. R. H. Henderson arrived from Galt, Canada, on a short visit to his sister, Mrs. W. B. Markt. Mr. Henderson is interested in several oil prop-

erties at Elkhorn valley Kern county. He says California is all right.

This week's shipments of rock from the San Bruno rock quarry amounted to 2500 tons shipped on scows and barges to different points.

W. McMullen and wife, Mrs. Taylor, R. J. Wilson, George Nyburg, E. Ericson, W. Hickie, W. Burge and F. A. Markt and wife were a few of the visitors at The Real Thing picnic grounds last Sunday.

A sprinkler is wanted on the San Bruno road. Who has one to loan?

Several parties have been examining the ins and outs of the XL Dairy, in view of purchasing the improvements.

Rain is wanted on the San Bruno road. Dust is the prevailing matter. Grass is beginning to brown and dairy-men feel the effects of dry spell and the cold drying winds.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday. All the members were present.

C. E. Dugan petitioned the board for an appropriation of \$100 to compensate him for land taken by the county for road purposes in the first township.

On motion of Eikerenkotter the petition was referred to the District Attorney.

Henry W. Brown appeared before the board representing the Caserly estate. He said the county owed the estate \$50 for a certain right of way and urged the board to make some provisions to pay it, as the estate was soon to be distributed. Mr. Brown was authorized to prepare the necessary resolution and the money would be paid.

Tony Peace of the third township was allowed \$8 per month from the date of his petition, which was presented by Archer Kincaid.

In the matter of obstruction on San Bruno avenue in first township, H. W. Brown, representing the Cypress Lawn Improvement Company, claimed the county had not acquired a title to it. On motion the matter was referred to the District Attorney for a written report at the next meeting.

On motion of Eikerenkotter the office of poundmaster of the first township was declared vacant and R. J. Carroll appointed to fill the vacancy.

The Canyada road matter was continued until next meeting.

The board took up the matter of fixing rates for the county printing for the ensuing year. After considerable discussion the matter was continued until next meeting.

Supervisor Coleman was authorized to put up a tank and wind mill at San Carlos.

Ordinances 174 and 175 fixing the boundaries of the first and second townships and first and second road districts were passed and adopted.

The Clerk was authorized to advertise for stationery for the ensuing year.

Chairman McEvoy was authorized to enter into a contract with M. Crowe of Ravenswood to lease a water right for five years. The county is to put up an engine and furnish fuel and M. Crowe is to give the water free.

The Clerk was instructed to notify Contractor Mattingly that he would have to complete his contracts he had with the county or else the latter would proceed to do it for him.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO OIL COMPANY.

The capital stock of this company will be \$25,000, divided into 500 shares of \$50 each. One-half of this stock is to be sold at once; the remaining one-half to be treasury stock, to be sold if developments justify, and under the direction of the company.

There will be no promoters' stock, nor any form of non-producing stock. The objects of this company will be to exploit for oil on the lands of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company in San Mateo county, under a lease held by W. J. Martin, and which is to be assigned to this company.

A well 1817 feet deep, costing \$25,000, drilled by this Land Company in 1892-93, is included in this lease. This well is located on the Bay front near South San Francisco in San Mateo county, and has been carefully preserved and is in good condition for further drilling at the present time.

The justification for continuing this well presents itself in many ways. The indications of oil in the well itself; the report of Mr. R. C. McPherson, the oil expert, who bored this well; its position in the center line between the extensive oil seepages found in Contra Costa county and in San Mateo county. These seepages extend for many miles and their great extent, naturally suggest the possibility of an extensive basin of oil between the two counties, which would necessarily be under the bay of San Francisco.

The highly volatile character of the oil found in these seepages lend color to this theory and show that there has been but little evaporation from the main body. The recent find of oil seepages on the slopes leading to the bay in both counties adds further force to the question of source.

The great depth of this dry well is but natural as the stratifications run deep under the bay. Many of the finest oil wells in this country are of much greater depth. Whether oil exists in quantity under the bay or not is a matter of speculation and has its advocates and opponents. The result of a big find can scarcely be estimated.

Taking the proposition as it stands, it must be admitted that it has much of merit and argument in its behalf. Be it characterized as an enterprise, a speculation, or a wild cat venture, it is the purpose of this company to spend its money honestly in an effort to test the question of an extensive oil basin at great depth.

W. J. Martin.

PCE A. PONATOWSKI, President.

CHARLES L. FAIR, Vice-President.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JOCKEY CLUB

Will Have

75 Days of Racing

Beginning November 19, 1900

AT TANFORAN PARK.

First Meeting—Monday, Nov. 19, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 1, 1900.

Second Meeting—Monday, Dec. 17, 1900, including Saturday, Dec. 29, 1900.

Third Meeting—Monday, Jan. 21, 1901, including Saturday, Feb. 9, 1901.

Fourth Meeting—Monday, Feb. 25, 1901, including Saturday, March 9, 1901.

Fifth Meeting—Monday, March 25, 1901, including Saturday, April 3, 1901.

Sixth Meeting—Monday, April 22, 1901, including Saturday, May 4, 1901.

Of which three days of the last week will be given up to the California Pony and Steeple Chase Association.

Magnificent Racing is Confidently Expected.

MILTON S. LATHAM, Secretary. EDW. J. POWER, Racing Secretary.

Taken by the Takers.

The women of Nantucket, where there are more stoves than in bigger cities, use holders to open doors and move stove tops and take special delight in doing so, for the holders they all call "takers." "Takers" was the name used on the island in the days when it was making big history for itself, and the lovers of antiquities take great delight in it. With this name a couple of squares of chintz bound at the edges become a relic. This feeling of veneration the islanders convey to their summer visitors to such an extent that the city people carry "takers" home with great delight and handle tongs and bellows with them. There is a great deal in a name.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate. An equable and healthful climate. The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE.

Lot 38, in block 133, on Armour avenue. Size of lot 25x140 feet. Cheap for cash, or installment payments. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at P. O. Building.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market shows good life and prices are steady.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easy prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at steady prices. Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows: (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Steers, 9@9½; 2d quality, 8½@9; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7½@7¾; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 7c; thin Cows, 5@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6½@6¾; over 250 to 300 lbs, 6@6½; rough heavy hogs, 4½@5.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4@4½; Ewes, 3½@4c, shorn. ¼ less. Suckling Lambs, \$2.50@3 per head; or 5@5½¢ per lb live wt.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7¼@8c; second quality, 7c; first quality cows and heifers, 7@7½c; second quality, 6½c; third quality, 5½@6c.

VEAL—Large, 8@8½c; small, good, 9@9½c; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 8@8½c; Ewes, 7½@8c; Suckling Lambs, 9@10c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9¼@9½c; PROVISIONS—Hams, 12½c; picnic hams, 10c; Atlanta ham, 10c; New York, shoulder, 10c.

BAKED—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 15½c; light S. C. bacon, 15c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12½c; clear light, 13½c; clear ex. light bacon, 14½c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$13.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.75; Family Beef, bbl, \$12.75; hf-bbl, \$6.25; Extra Mess, bbl, \$12.50; do, hf-bbl, \$6.50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11c; do, light, 11½c; do, Bellies, 11½c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$22.50; hf-bbls, \$11.50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4.75; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are as follows: Tes. ½-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 7 7½ 7¾ 7½ 7¾ 7½ Cal. pure 10½ 10¾ 10½ 10¾ 10½ 10¾ In 2-bbl tins the price on each is ¼¢ higher than on 5-bbl tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.45; 1s \$1.40; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.45; 1s, \$1.40.

TERMS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Save Your Money

—By Going to—

Ward, Sweeney & Co.

(Formerly with Kavanagh & Co.)

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

309 and 311 THIRD STREET, San Francisco.

Telephone—Red 1712. Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

J. E. LYMAN C. H. LYMAN

LYMAN BROS.

Contractors and Builders

All kinds of New and Old Work.

Store and Shop Grand Avenue.

South San Francisco.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan Association.

Assets, \$175,000.00.

Monthly Payments \$14.15 per \$1000

No advance premium charged. Book value of shares allowed in payment of loans, and re-payment accepted at any time.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City.

The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

W. E. GILMAN P. G. LYNCH

Gilman & Lynch,

Restaurant

and Boarding.

WINES, LIQUORS

CIGARS

Tanforan Park,

South San Francisco, Cal. Western Turf Race Track.

Walter F. Bailey

Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

H. & Pymire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

Residence, Werner Cottage, on Commercial avenue.

CHARACTER BUILDING.

A tiny form, new breathing clay,
What does it mean?
An immortal soul has come this way,
Has come to earth, on earth will stay
Until the firm, calm voice doth say:
"Come home!"
Ours is the privilege to mold
This character,
Each one of us, the young, the old,
Great strength and beauty yet untold
This gift divine may soon unfold
To us.
Protect him from each impure thought,
This new-born babe!
The greatest blessing ever sought,
True manliness, may thus be wrought,
For what he thinks impure or not
He is.
The architects of man are we,
Each one of us.
And what false builders we should be
Is living that a child might see
That wickedness, that calumny
Is life.
The son of friend, the son of foe,
It matters not,
As builders we must strike the blow
To make or mar. Build high or low,
The day will come when we shall know
Our work.
"Reform the world" has been the cry
For many years.
"With sin, unhappiness must die!"
We meet with small success, and why?
The reformation has passed by
Ourselves.
Before we seek to build a man—
A perfect one—
We must ourselves remove the ban
That crushes us; the gulf must span
Between the earthly and the plan
Of God.
—Bartlett Warner.

A NOVEL EXECUTION.

AND don't you find it very dull up here all alone?" I asked.
"No," he answered; "not so dull as you might think, by any means. You see, there is plenty of game to be had, large and small, for the shooting; the scenery is delightful to me, who, like you, am a bit of an artist, and then the banditti usually provide a little additional excitement. "What?" I said, "are there banditti around here, then?" "Yes," he answered; "most certainly, though not in the direction from which you have come. But as you proceed into Bohemia you will find the mountains infested with them, and I shall send an escort down with you to-morrow. Indeed, in these piping times of peace it is chiefly for the purpose of escorting travelers through the mountains that we are here. You will have a specially strong escort to-morrow, though, as we have here at present confined in the fort a notorious bandit we captured yesterday in a raid on his hiding place, and to-morrow I shall send him down to Robensburg for trial. There is no doubt what his fate will be. Two murders have been proved against him, and there are numerous unproved ones and hundreds of robberies down to his name. It is, as you say, a long way to send him, but Robensburg is our headquarters, and he will be tried by the military there. But you must be tired and glad to get to bed." Saying this, he showed me to a small bedroom and left me to my slumbers.

I was awakened early by the sound of a bugle, and was soon out to enjoy the fresh air and fine scenery. I was immediately struck by the strong position of the fort, the site on which it was built being admirably adapted for defense. The road, if road it could be called—perhaps pass would be a better word—here ran for a full mile in a kind of glen or gully, lined on either side by lofty and precipitous rocks, which, towering up high on either side, left only a narrow way in the middle. Standing in the center of this gully, you could look along the path about half a mile each way, at which distance it came to a stop, the road suddenly dipping down on one side to Robensburg and on the other toward a forest. It was in the middle of this valley, or rather cutting, that the fort had been built, stretching across the narrow way from one wall to the other, so that, if necessary, the road could be completely blocked and swept by the guns of the fort. In times of peace the fort had a gate left permanently open, allowing travelers to walk right through it and pursue their way to the other side.

My friend the lieutenant soon joined me, and I remarked on the strong position held by the fort. "Yes," said he, smiling, "I think we could give a good account of ourselves before an enemy could pass along the road from end to end," and he pointed to the three guns mounted on each side, commanding the two roads. A large one was in the middle and a smaller one was on each side of it, and very formidable they looked. He said I might leave them at noon, when the escort for the prisoner would be ready. Hardly had he finished speaking when a shout was heard in the fort, followed by the report of a rifle and a babel of cries. The officer rushed down to see what was the matter, I following him closely. Arrived at the square, we found a crowd of soldiers assembled around a man lying on the ground, bleeding profusely from a wound in the shoulder. The officer was quickly told the cause of the tumult. The bandit, while being led out of his cell, preparatory to being marched away had suddenly stabbed a soldier with a hidden knife, and, taking advantage of the surprise he created, had escaped from the fort, though a sentry had fired at him. He was soon despatched flying down the road which led to the forest, and several men started in pursuit. The officer was about to follow them when a grizzled veteran touched his shoulder and said a few words to him.
"Are you quite sure you can do it, gunner?" asked the lieutenant. "Per-

fectly certain, sir," replied the old soldier. "I will lay my life on it she will not fall us at this moment."

"Very well, then," said the lieutenant, "recall the men."

The bugle rang out and the pursuers turned and slowly retraced their steps to the fort.

"After all," he went on, "it is our best chance, for they could never catch him. Just look at the pace he is going at! I would not lose that scoundrel for anything, and if we cannot take him alive we must anticipate his fate and take him dead."

Several men had been potting at the fugitive with their rifles, but without success, so he ordered them to desist, as it was only throwing away ammunition.

Lighting a cigarette, he sat down and calmly watched the ever-lessening form of the brigand. I now went up to him and asked the reason of this strange apathy on the part of the garrison.

"Don't be in a hurry, my friend," replied he, smiling; "we are not so lazy and foolish as doubtless you think. Listen to me." He then explained that just as he was also starting in pursuit of the fugitive the old gunner had told him that there was a far quicker and surer method of arresting him than that of pursuit. The big gun in the center of the rampart on that side had, by constant practice, been trained to throw its projectile exactly in the middle of the narrow path just before it dipped out of sight, and had been kept permanently in that position. "And," the lieutenant went on, "Gunner Muller is ready to swear that a ball or shell thrown from that gun will hit the exact spot, provided the gun has not been shifted. Now, in that case, all we have to do is to wait till our friend there gets on, or near, that spot, and there you are! You see it is impossible for him to turn to the right or left till he gets out of the pass, owing to the precipices on either side. You know, Muller," said he, turning to the gunner, who was standing by, "the right kind of shell for this case?"

"Yes, sir," said the soldier, saluting; "I know the very thing required, and if the rascal is within ten yards' radius of the bursting point he won't gain the end of that path."

"Good," said the officer; "load!"

The heavy shell was hoisted into the breach, and everything was got ready for the shot. This all happened in much less time than it takes to describe it, and now the man was within eighty yards of the fatal spot. After finding that he was not pursued, he relaxed the speed at which he started from the fort, and was now trotting steadily on toward the desired goal, keeping in the middle of the path, and no doubt congratulating himself on his escape.

When within thirty yards of the place he dropped to a leisurely walk, looking round continually to make sure that no one was after him. Once he stopped and, turning round, made what seemed a gesture of contempt at the fort, and, having thus relieved his feelings, walked on again.

Slowly he neared the fatal spot. All on the fort were breathless with suspense and doubt, for it seemed quite possible that the gun might somehow have got shifted since the last practice. Only the old gunner was calm and confident and lovingly eyed his great charge. I was standing with the lieutenant near the gun, and the wall was lined with every man in the fort, eagerly gazing at that small, dark spot moving so slowly on.

As the bandit neared the end of the path the old gunner handed the lanyard of the gun to a subordinate and bade him fire when he lifted his foot. Then, taking a telescope, he directed his gaze on the fugitive. A deadly silence reigned in the fort. I could hear my heart beating plainly, and I believe every man was in an equal tremor of excitement. I half hoped that the man, robber and murderer though he was, might escape.

When would the signal be given? The suspense was becoming unendurable. I looked at Muller—he was gazing through the telescope. Suddenly he kicked out his leg, still keeping his eye to the glass. A vivid flash followed, a deafening roar, which shook the fort, and then a cloud of white smoke obscured everything. When it had cleared away Muller was standing beside my companion, with a look of content on his face.

"I was right, sir," he cried; "he was hit fair."

True enough, nothing was to be seen where the bandit had been. A loud cheer followed the announcement, and the officer shook hands heartily with Muller, and retired to make a report of the matter, while a party was sent to collect the remains of the victim. A few hours later I left the fort with my escort, after a hearty farewell to the commandant. As we passed the fatal spot I shuddered to see unmistakable signs of the accuracy of the shot.—Chambers' Journal.

Not a "Broncho-Buster" from Choice.

Gov. Roosevelt, in speaking once of his experiences in the far West, made this confession: "You know I am not nearly so fond of 'broncho-busting' and riding wild horses as some persons might have you think. It wasn't because I liked that kind of work that I did it. But I always took just what came, and if it happened to be the wildest animal in the bunch I got on, and stayed on, too, for when I got on I made up my mind to stay, and I have yet to see the broncho that could make me give in."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Unawares.

"She came upon him unawares," read the teacher. "Can any little boy or girl tell me what 'unawares' means?" Up went the hand of the youngest pupil. "I know!" he cried, "it's what we wear next to our skins."

JUDGE DISCREDITS WOMEN'S EVIDENCE CZAR'S SAFE REFUGE

Chicago Jurist Sets Aside a Verdict Secured by Testimony of Fair Sex.

"I am averse to accepting the decision of the jury as final in this case, especially so as that decision was based largely upon the testimony of women. The testimony of one written document is of more weight as evidence than the oral testimony of a dozen witnesses, particularly when women are concerned as witnesses. Though women are undoubtedly upon a higher moral plane than are men they are not as reliable upon the witness stand. It seems that women are of a more imaginative nature than men, and, though it is no doubt unintentional, they come to believe as true what they at first only imagine and maintain their belief in spite of all evidence against it."

Upon the grounds cited in the foregoing statement of personal opinion Judge Arba N. Waterman, of Chicago, ignored the verdict of a jury and granted a new trial.

Judge Waterman, reluctant to accept the finding of the jury as final, did not enter the judgment in accordance with the verdict at the time the latter was given and after some reflection decided that the defendant, having been denied justice, was entitled to a new trial before less susceptible jurors. The members



JUDGE ARBA N. WATERMAN.

of women's clubs and even his associates on the bench denounced Judge Waterman's slurs on the sex. The statement caused a sensation, and both women and men of national reputation assert that Judge Waterman has made a serious mistake.

SANTA TERESA,

The Wonderful Magnetic Healer and Heroine of Mexico.

Santa Teresa, the Mexican Yaqui heroine, now in Europe, is said to be possessed of remarkable healing power, by which she has performed miraculous cures on persons afflicted with all kinds of diseases. She was accused of exciting the Yaqui Indians against the Mexican government, but made her escape into the United States. She drifted to California, where she amazed many people by her wonderful healing power. Teresa is 28 years old. She was born at Sinaloa, of Spanish ancestry. She discovered her power to heal when a little girl. Her first cure was of an old woman, one of whose legs had been rendered useless by par-

alysis. Teresa rubbed the member a few times and every symptom of the malady disappeared. Soon after this she was attacked by an insane young man, whom she struck in the head in defending herself. The blow from her hand sobered the man, and a few gentle rubbings entirely cured him. At San Francisco Teresa met the family of Charles Owens, a wealthy merchant, to whom she was introduced by C. P. Rosencranz. The little son of Mr. Rosencranz had been suffering from blindness and partial paralysis, and it is alleged that he was completely cured by the hands of the Mexican senorita. When Mr. Owens and his family decided to go to Europe this spring they invited the young heroine-healer to accompany them. She will display her powers on the continent.



SANTA TERESA.

Its Supposed Origin and Some of Its Famous Votaries.

Among the most antiquated of games is chess, which the oldest Persian and Arabic authorities state to be of Indian origin. We find the game specifically referred to in Sanskrit literature 200 years before the birth of Christ.

Enthusiasts to-day might deem the methods then in vogue somewhat primitive, the board usually called an "eight square" to distinguish it from the board on which parolisi or backgammon was played. In the earliest known attempt at romance in Indian literature the "Harsacarita," there is a punning passage, which reads: "Under this monarch * * * only bees: quarrel in collecting dews (dues); only feet cut off are those in meter; only chess boards teach the position of the four members." That was written in the first half of the seventh century.

There is a Persian tradition to the effect that an Indian sovereign sent a Persian monarch the game of chess between 531 and 579 A. D. By way of returning the compliment the latter King sent the former the game of ward or backgammon.

The game was introduced to the Flowery Land as comparatively recently as the sixth century (A. D.). It was probably first known in Spain in the tenth century, for in the eleventh we already find it a popular amusement.

At the beginning of the twelfth it began to be known in this country, as well as in France and Germany; and it unfortunately has to be recorded that at the close of the century it had become a favorite gambling game all over the continent of Europe. Many men who have figured prominently in the pages of the world's history were pas-

FIRST GAME OF CHESS.

Powerful Guns for the British Navy.

Without any fuss or advertisement some of the most powerful guns of the time are being prepared for the British navy. The gun in question is the new 9.2-inch, which is to be carried by the armored cruisers now being built. A feature of the gun is that it is being placed in a hydraulic mounting, this in itself being a big advance over older methods. A big steel hood also encloses the gun's crew, who work in an impenetrable shell of armor. When mounted in the Cressy, for which the gun described is intended, no part below the bottom of the hood will be seen above deck. This hood is six inches thick in front and four inches thick in the rear. Admission to its interior is obtained through a narrow door, which closes an aperture only just wide enough for a man to squeeze through. The hood weighs about 50 tons, the gun is 31 feet long, has a range of 15 miles, and will also be used in coast defense.

Music Lovers.

Enthusiastic Admirer of Sig. Paz-zamano (who has been pounding away for nearly half an hour)—"What an artist, isn't he? Such verve! Such finish!"

Fair American (bored)—"Well, I'll allow the verve's there all the time; and I'm just praying the finish'll come soon."—Punch.

Geographic Centers.

If the world be divided into land and water hemispheres, London is the center of the land and New Zealand of the water.

slonately fond of the game. Perhaps the most noted example of this was Louis XIII., who, though he hated games of chance so much that he would not allow them to be played at his court, was nevertheless so amazingly keen on chess that he played even while riding in his carriage.

It is interesting to record in this connection that each man was provided with a pin at its foot which, being stuck into a padded chess board, resisted the joltings of the royal vehicle.

John Frederick, Elector of Hanover, proved that the ruling passion was strong in death. He had been made prisoner in 1547 by Charles V., and was playing chess with Ernest of Brunswick, his fellow captive, when he got the news that he was condemned to die. He merely made a few remarks on the irregularity of the Emperor's proceedings and coolly went on with his game. On winning it he expressed his keen satisfaction; then he betook himself to the religious exercise befitting one in his unenviable situation.—London Express.

Beating an Avalanche.

One of the most exciting Alpine adventures on record was Mr. Tuckett's race with an avalanche on the Elger Glacier in 1871. He was ascending the glacier with two friends and a guide. Says Travel:

The glacier sloped somewhat steeply, and on the upper part, above the climbers, a mass of loose, freshly fallen snow had collected. Suddenly the travelers heard a thundering noise, and perceived a huge mass of snow and ice sliding down toward them. They could only try to reach the rocks at the side of the glacier, hoping to do so before the avalanche should sweep them away. Through the knee-deep snow they ran for their lives.

"I remember," said Mr. Hockett, "being struck with the idea that it seemed as if the avalanche were sure of its prey, and wished to play with us for a while. At one moment it let us imagine that we had gained on it; and the next, with mere wantonness of vindictive power, it suddenly rolled out a vast volume of grinding blocks and whirling snow, as if to show us that it could outflank us any moment it chose."

"Nearer and nearer it came, its front a mighty wave about to break. It aimed straight at us, swift, deadly, implacable. The next instant we saw no more. A wild confusion of whirling snow and fragments of ice, a frozen cloud, swept over us, entirely concealing us from one another. But still we were untouched, and still we ran."

"Another half second, and the mist parted. There lay the body of the monster, whose head was still careering away at lightning speed far below us, motionless, rigid, harmless."

It is Often Beyond the Power of the Wisest to Explain It.

One need not go to the realms of space, or time, or figures, to meet with the incomprehensible, says the London Standard. Despite modern science and ingenuity, this word still remains the only applicable epithet for some of the achievements of Indian conjurers. We can smile at the luminous appearance of the beautiful face before which as the revelation of Osiris, the old Egyptians prostrated themselves in awe—for the marvels of the magic lantern are familiar to us; the early existence of gunpowder gives an easy explanation of the oracles' lightning and thunder; the weird harmony of Memnon was merely the result of an ingenious mechanical contrivance.

But shrewd travelers of later date, whose veracity is beyond dispute, tell of much more inexplicable things than these. One of the best known writers on occultism, Jaccoliot, has left an account of certain things he saw during his official sojourn in India, which, as they seem to defy explanation, may fairly be classed among things incomprehensible. The performer whom he accidentally met, and who required some persuasion before he would exhibit feats which he continually affirmed, were the work of other intelligences.

On some sticks fixed upright in flower pots were placed some leaves from a tree, with holes in each sufficiently large to make them fall to the level of the mold. Standing at a considerable distance, the fakir made a gesture with his hands. A slight breeze seemed to pervade the room, then the leaves quivered and gradually worked upward on the sticks. Jaccoliot placed himself between the flower pots and the operator, placed the sticks in the flooring, and adopted every means he could imagine to frustrate any trickery, but nothing he did made any difference to the movement of the leaves.

The more familiar feat of the seem-

SANCTUARY OF SAFETY FOR RUSSIA'S RULER.

Palace of Gatschina Is Kept Continually Under the Strictest of Guard and Protection—Restricted and Unattractive, but Convenient Domain.

The palace of Gatschina cannot be compared with such castles as Versailles, San-souci or Schoenbrunn. It has nothing of the artistic embellishment of the one, the historical memories of the other, or the landscape beauty and comfort of the third. Situated in the middle of a wide and desert plain, it has no pretty surroundings, and built without luxury its exterior does not make an imposing impression. Gatschina lies between Tsarskoje-Selo and Krasnoje-Selo, and the roads from each of these places to the imperial palace, which have private court railway stations, are placed under particular supervision, and may not be used except by the court. A high wall incloses the park, in the center of which is the palace, and this wall is protected by

patrols, which never leave the outer circle nor the park itself for one moment out of sight. Entrance is only permitted by special order. Though the superintendence is so strict, it is said that the inhabitants of the palace are not, and must not be, aware of it. Their pleasures and comforts are not impaired by it; and all the amusements that could be agreeable to the emperor and his family—drives, hunts, riding and rowing, evening parties, theatrical representations, etc.—can be taken of. Adjoining the well-tended park is an extensive wood—like the park, surrounded by a wall and guarded. In the park itself are two lake-like basins of water; the palace contains splendid saloons, and two colonnades which afford agreeable promenades in bad weather; all this aids in preventing the inhabitants from feeling anything of the anxious and never-tiring supervision held over them, and the want of more charming surroundings.

Sometimes the royal family inhabit Peterhof, but always return to Gatschina. Peterhof is more magnificent, Oranienbaum prettier, but Gatschina is considered safer and quieter. For many years before the accession of Alexander III., the palace had been unused; he caused it to be restored and comfortably furnished. It has been seldom spoken of and scarcely more was known of it than that the imperial hounds were kept there. The Gatschina race was celebrated, and a dog from the imperial pack was very valuable, but people cared little for the castle and park.

Still Gatschina has its history. Peter the Great made a gift of it to his favorite sister, Natalie; Catherine II. gave it to her favorite Orloff, who furnished it at great expense, and built additional edifices, by which, after the plans of the Italian architect, Rinaldi, it received quite a different form. After Orloff's death the empress rebought it from his family, and gave it to the Archduke Paul, who inhabited it for some length of time. The palace forms a long square, at each corner of which is a stately tower. The dwelling rooms are in three stories. The colonnades run along the sides, and the pillars are of Finland marble. The rooms are not architecturally beautiful, but are adorned with valuable pictures and sculpture from the imperial hermitage in St. Petersburg, from the Antischkow palace, and from the winter palace. The views are limited by the park and wood, which, however, have been beautifully laid out by the celebrated St. Petersburg landscape gardener.—London Daily News.

INDIAN MAGIC.

It is Often Beyond the Power of the Wisest to Explain It.

One need not go to the realms of space, or time, or figures, to meet with the incomprehensible, says the London Standard. Despite modern science and ingenuity, this word still remains the only applicable epithet for some of the achievements of Indian conjurers. We can smile at the luminous appearance of the beautiful face before which as the revelation of Osiris, the old Egyptians prostrated themselves in awe—for the marvels of the magic lantern are familiar to us; the early existence of gunpowder gives an easy explanation of the oracles' lightning and thunder; the weird harmony of Memnon was merely the result of an ingenious mechanical contrivance.

But shrewd travelers of later date, whose veracity is beyond dispute, tell of much more inexplicable things than these. One of the best known writers on occultism, Jaccoliot, has left an account of certain things he saw during his official sojourn in India, which, as they seem to defy explanation, may fairly be classed among things incomprehensible. The performer whom he accidentally met, and who required some persuasion before he would exhibit feats which he continually affirmed, were the work of other intelligences.

On some sticks fixed upright in flower pots were placed some leaves from a tree, with holes in each sufficiently large to make them fall to the level of the mold. Standing at a considerable distance, the fakir made a gesture with his hands. A slight breeze seemed to pervade the room, then the leaves quivered and gradually worked upward on the sticks. Jaccoliot placed himself between the flower pots and the operator, placed the sticks in the flooring, and adopted every means he could imagine to frustrate any trickery, but nothing he did made any difference to the movement of the leaves.

The more familiar feat of the seem-

ingly supernatural growth of flowers was utterly eclipsed by another instance vouched for by the same narrator. His own servant brought him a score or so of seeds, from which he selected and marked one. The fakir planted it in a pot of earth, muttered some words over it, and fell into a sort of trance, which lasted about thirty minutes. He then awoke, uncovered the pot and discovered a seedling two or three inches high. Jaccoliot examined it and found it had sprung from the seed which he had marked. With a touch of a peacock's feather the fakir depressed a balance of a common weighing machine in daily use in the household, though in the other was a weight of twelve stone, and with a distant motion of his hand he made shavings of wood to sink or move in water. Still more marvelous is the description of the manner in which this veritable eastern wizard was able to set at defiance the law of gravity. On this occasion when leaving the room, he paused on the threshold, folding his arms, and by a simple act of volition, raised himself from the floor and remained poised in the air for some minutes.

INSURANCE FOR DRUGGISTS.

Liability for Losses from Mistakes Is Now Provided For.

One of the latest things in the fidelity and casualty line is to insure druggists against what is called the wrong prescription man. For \$15 or \$25 a year several companies down town guarantee druggists against damages arising from mistakes in compounding drugs.

The idea of insuring druggists against loss from their own mistakes originated in the belief of a number of leading pharmacists that they were the victims of a gang of rogues who made a practice of pretending that wrong medicines had been given to some member of their families, sometimes with serious results. The gang was partly broken up by the fidelity company, which first assumed the responsibility of protecting druggists at \$5 a year each. An officer of this company says that there are fully 1,000 mistakes a year in the compounding of drugs.

"While there are so many genuine mistakes," he continued, "there are many alleged errors in mixing medicines, and some of the complaints are invented for the sole purpose of extracting money from the retail druggists. Our company guarantees to protect druggists against themselves, but our main desire is to prevent fraud on the part of those who want to blackmail one of our clients for something he has not done."

"It is a serious matter to make a mistake in mixing drugs, but it is frequently even more serious to the druggist to have it noised about that such a mistake was made. I have known chemists to be forced out of business by the publicity given to the fact that they made a blunder. Dishonest persons have recognized the fear that druggists have of an exposure of this kind, and have taken advantage of the knowledge."

"Since we undertook to prevent them a number of druggists have confessed to paying big sums to persons who said mistakes were made. I have the names of half a dozen so-called doctors who have aided the gang that was engaged in the business of bleeding chemists."

"Still, there is nothing really remarkable in this protection of druggists. For instance, we have a special insurance for saloon-keepers, guaranteeing them against financial loss through being locked up for violation of the excise law."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HIS PASSPORT WAS CORRECT.

Russian Police Arrested Tourist at Midnight to Congratulate Him.

A New York tourist writes to a friend in this country the following experience with the Russian police:

"I arrived in Moscow armed with a faultless passport, which I at once gave up to the police, according to regulations. On my third evening in Moscow, at 10 o'clock, a policeman in plain clothes summoned me from the family circle around the samovar."

"At the station we found the officials engaged with another case, which kept us waiting an hour and a half. Meanwhile I had been ransacking my conscience, but could remember no crime that would warrant this midnight arrest. Finally the official at the desk handed me my passport with a smile."

"It is quite correct, he said. I waited, wondering what was coming next. 'It is all right, I say. You may go,' the officer graciously repeated. Then my anger rose."

"Did you arrest me at midnight to tell me that?" I asked.

"Certainly. We were obliged to return the passport to you in person within three days. So we had to summon you to-night."

"Good."

"Now, just keep quiet, will you?" said the little official, severely.

"Congratulate yourself that your passport has been found correct."

"I retired, gnashing my teeth. In the ante-chamber I found my policeman, who raised his cap and asked for a pourboire."

"What?" I yelled in angry amazement.

"But, little father, I took the trouble to conduct you here. Are you not going to give me the price of a glass?"

"I gave it!"

Missouri's Mule.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: "The Bray of Missouri's indispensable product, the mule, is now heard around the world from Cape Town to Hilo, and frequently drowns the warring drum beat as it circles the globe."

When a married man goes to see his folks, his wife looks for signs upon his return that they have Poisoned His Mind.

The Change of Life

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dan-



Mrs. JENNIE NOBLE

gerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls for nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

It builds up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

"I was a very sick woman, caused by Change of Life. I suffered with hot flashes, and fainting spells. I was afraid to go on the street, my head and back troubled me so. I was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JENNIE NOBLE, 5010 Keyser St., Germantown, Pa.

AN ABANDONED FARM.

It Surely Was Hard and Stony Land, and No Exaggeration.

She was on the witness stand in her own behalf, being also defendant in the action. She was a sturdy widow, hard working, shrewd in a deal and garrulous. A landlord was suing for back rent on a little farm she had abandoned.

"You say that the land was hard and sour and sterile?" suggested the attorney for the plaintiff.

"That's what I said, only I wasn't so persnickily about it, and I'll say more."—"Just a moment, please. We want evidence, not opinions. Did you raise anything on this land of yours?"

"Land of ours?" with a sniff. "You never owned a thimbleful of it. Yes, I did raise things on it. It took two hills to raise a bean and a whole row of corn to raise a nubbins. I raised a cabin. I raised a pigpen, and I tried to raise a goat, but it starved to death, poor thing! That ground wouldn't raise dog fennel or even Canada thistles."

"Don't exaggerate, please. You say the soil was sour?"

"I couldn't exaggerate about that ground if I was a lawyer. In the morning when the dew was steaming off in the sunshine you'd think you were living next door to a pickle factory. I kept my sugar in an airtight jar."

"Pshaw! That's ridiculous. I suppose the ground was so hard you could not blast it?"

"Nothing of the kind. I'm here to tell the truth. But I'll tell you how hard that ground was. I had to crop my set onions out with a hatchet, and a big gander I bought broke his neck trying to pull a tuft of spear grass." The landlord did not recover.—Detroit Free Press.

Sterling Remedy.

Cholly Cityfeilder (in country, with bulky literary horse)—Bog pardon, sir, bulky what do you do when youah horse balks? The Farmer—Trade him. Git up, Bill!—Puck.

A Cough, Pneumonia, Weakened Lungs, Consumption.

It's a short story; but stop at the first chapter by using

Acker's English Remedy

It will cure your cough at once and prevent Pneumonia. It will heal your sore lungs and will positively cure Consumption. But what is the use of getting to that stage?

"I always recommend ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY for coughs and lung trouble. It is the best medicine I have handled in my 14 years experience. It has cured every case where tried."

A. B. COOK, Druggist, Bellefontaine, O. Write to us for testimonials and free illustrated book on Consumption.

Sold at 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. If you are not satisfied return the bottle to your druggist and get your money back. W. H. Harker & Co., Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

IT IS BEST TIME TO CURE

Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption

Our remedy is GUARANTEED: \$1.00. P. O. BOX 978

W. H. SMITH & CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Is it to worship earthly, groveling gold And, dollar blinded, to look only down To take the much heap and forget the crown Until youth's bounding blood creeps strangely cold;

To dwell with envy, arrogance and dread, To barter all benevolence for dross, To lose companionship nor feel its loss Because the flower of sympathy is dead.

Is that success? To labor for the rainbow bubble, fame; Adorn so fairly in the morning air, A perfect jewel for a prince to wear, Is it a recompense for all its claim?

Through careful night and crowded, strenuous day, Through iron rebuff or flattery, like snow That leaves one thirsty, it is grasped, and, lo, It vanishes in nothingness away!

Is that success?

With comrade duty in the dark or day, To fight truth wherever it may lead, To hate all meanness, cowardice or greed, To look for beauty under common clay,

Our brothers' burden sharing when they weep, But, if we fall, to bear defeat alone; To live in hearts that loved us when we're gone Beyond the twilight (till the morning break) to sleep,

That is success!

—Ernest Neal Lyon in Success.

BESTOWALS.

Dear, I would be to you the breath of balm That sighs from folded blossoms, wet with dew; The day's first dawn ray I would be to you, The starlight's cheery gleam, the moonlight's calm;

I would be as a pillow to your cheek When toil is done and care hath ceased to grieve; I would be the dear dream your soul doth seek, The dream whose joy no waking hour can give.

When strength is ebbing and the road is long, I would be the firm staff within your hand, A pillar of cloud in a sun beaten land, A pillar of fire where night's black shadows throng.

Last, at death's threshold, tender, faithful—nay! What need to tell that which heart's truth hath shown? Is not all said, beloved, when I say, "I love you," being woman and your own?

—Madeline S. Bridges in Woman's Home Companion.

Heroes and Cowards.

Courage is an uncertain quantity; it varies with circumstances. A man who fancies that he is afraid of nothing ventures on the slippery pavement in winter and suddenly discovers that he is very much afraid of falling and hurting himself.

It is on record that a man who was as bold as could be in the morning could never be relied upon for courage after dinner.

Some French soldiers, during the war of 1870, gallantly assaulted an almost impregnable position, although death seemed certain. Three years later two of those gallant fellows were in a theater when an alarm of fire was given, and they displayed extreme cowardice, pushing over women and children in their frantic efforts to escape.—Pearson's Weekly.

Juvenile Discouragement.

Elsie—Mamma, there's a funny old man in this Pickwick book that's always telling his son to beware of the widows. Why is that?

Mamma—Well, a widow is supposed to be skillful in catching a husband.

Elsie—Gracious! I wonder if I'll have to be a widow before I can get married.

Swallowed His False Teeth.

A man recently swallowed his false teeth and it gave him mad. Stomachs will stand a great deal, but not everything. If you're weak try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver troubles, as well as malaria and fever and ague. It is particularly effective in all nervous affections, and is strongly recommended at this season of the year when the system is run down and most susceptible to disease. All druggists keep it.

Never put off till tomorrow what you ought not to do today.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

For Consumption try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.

VISITORS NOT WANTED.

People Who Want to See Greenland Must Get a Royal Permit.

Greenland is governed in a grandmotherly way by Denmark; but, as it consists of a group of colonies which would not under any circumstances attract many tourists or traders, no outsider complains of the exclusiveness of the Danish authorities. Trade always has been and still is monopolized by the state, and only government vessels are allowed to sail in Greenland waters. For foreign travelers also Greenland is a closed country unless the traveler in question has beforehand obtained the permission of the Danish government.

The monopoly of the trade is said to protect the Greenlanders from being deceived by unscrupulous merchants. The administration settles a fixed price both for the goods the Greenlanders purchase and for the products they sell. In this way all are treated in the same manner, and the business being carried on by the state is a guarantee that the natives are not imposed upon.

Furthermore, the members of the administration are enjoined to take care that the natives do not leave themselves short of produce by selling more than they can dispense with, so that they are destitute of needful food and clothing when the slack time arrives. The native Greenlanders never has been, neither is he now, able to purchase a single drop of spirits from the administration.

The exchange of goods between Greenland and Denmark is, as a rule, carried on exclusively by means of the nine vessels belonging to the Greenland company—viz. five brigs, three barkes and a small steamer having a total register of about 2,000 tons net. Several of these vessels, which are suitable for sailing through the drift ice, make two voyages a year and the steamer, as a rule, three voyages.—Montreal Herald.

Frozen In. The making of postholes is an easy matter in Alaska. A mass of powder blasts out the hole in an instant, a telegraph pole is inserted, water is poured in, and the intense cold holds the pole secure in an incase of ice.

EVERY WOMAN

Who Had the Grip This Winter Should Read This.



Mrs. Theophile Schmitt.

Mrs. Theophile Schmitt, wife of the Ex-Secretary of the German consulate, writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman, from 3417 Wabash ave., Chicago, Ill. Mrs. Schmitt says: "I suffered this winter with a severe attack of la grippe, and having repeatedly heard of the value of Peruna in such cases I thought I would try it. I used it faithfully and began to feel a change for the better the second day, and in the course of a week I was very much improved. After using three bottles I not only found that the grip had disappeared, but my general health was much better. I am satisfied that Peruna is a wonderful family remedy and gladly endorse it."

Yours, Mrs. Theophile Schmitt.

La grippe leaves the system saturated with catarrh. This condition is known as systemic catarrh. Peruna is the only remedy. Allow no one to persuade you that there is any other remedy just as good.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

You can judge a man pretty fairly by his opinion of women, but a woman's opinion of men is often just pathetic.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kilne's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kilne, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Avoid Colds By drinking Kentucky Favorite Whiskey. Sprance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, proprietors.

When you can get a horse at bargain—drive the bargain.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Brewster Wood.

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLON SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Beware of cheap imitations.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Always Fresh. Always the Best.

FERRY'S SEEDS.

are sold everywhere. 1901 Seed Annual free. D. M. FERRY & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Consumption Cured.

For the treatment of Consumption and diseases of the throat, call on or write for literature and report of cases

KOCH INSTITUTE, 431 1/2 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

IF CLAIMANTS FOR PENSION write to NATHAN BICKFORD, WASHINGTON, D. C. they will receive quick replies. B. 5th St. York Staff 20th Corps. Prosecuting Claimants Since 1878.

S. F. N. U. NO. 16, 1901

PISO'S CURE FOR BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMPTION. Cures all cases of Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, etc. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

STUDEBAKERS MAKE A CHANGE.

The Big Firm Incorporates Under the Laws of California.

THE NEW OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

San Francisco House No Longer a Branch—Local Capital Is Interested.

Frederick S. Fish, one of the leading members of the great firm of Studebaker Bros. & Co. of South Bend, Ind., has been in San Francisco for several days, perfecting a new organization of the local house of Studebaker Bros., which occupies the large four-story building at the corner of Market and Tenth streets.

"The company has for some time had in contemplation the changing of its large and important branches to ordinary home offices, making them corporations in themselves," said Mr. Fish this morning. "The object is that what has heretofore been a branch may be identified as a home concern, having a local management and with local capital invested. Another reason is that it makes it more convenient for our business, and, again, we desired to let some of our managers become proprietors, giving them an interest in the corporation on the profit-sharing basis."

"My trip West from the home office has been for the purpose of making these corporations in Salt Lake, Portland and San Francisco. These have all been completed. I have also inspected our branch houses at Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane."

"Our company here has been incorporated under the name of the 'Studebaker Bros. & Co. of California.' The Studebaker Bros. Manufacturing Company will own a controlling interest in the corporation, and will give the business the same oversight and attention that characterized its business when it was conducted as a branch."

"The San Francisco house will have as a board of directors Lloyd F. Weaver, George A. Newhall, Daniel W. Earl, Colonel George M. Studebaker (who, by the way, was the youngest colonel in the United States Army, leading the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Indiana Volunteers) and Frederick S. Fish."

"The officers of the company are: President, Frederick S. Fish, vice-president, treasurer and general manager, Lloyd F. Weaver; secretary, Chester N. Weaver."

"The new company takes over all the business and assets of this branch and will continue for the present at the same location, although we contemplate securing as soon as practicable a larger building, with a more central location. We have now four large stores, with 75,000 square feet of floor space, but this does not afford us sufficient room. The building at Fourth and Market streets was built by Studebaker Bros., but the firm has outgrown it."

"We intend to make this San Francisco house the carriage emporium, not merely this city, but of the State of California. We recognize the growing importance of this locality and its magnificent prospects, and we want to be numbered among the home people. San Franciscans will be enabled by us to get anything in the line of vehicles that they may want. Our business here has shown a steady increase each year. We employ at our factories in South Bend 2,300 workmen, and yet we are unable to keep abreast of our orders."

Mr. Fish, who is a delightful gentleman as well as a most able business man, departs tonight for the westward train for the south, where he will spend a week at Hotel del Coronado. The manager of the new corporation, Lloyd F. Weaver, is one of the most prominent young business men in the city, and who is exceedingly popular and universally respected for his sterling character and fine abilities.

The Best Prescription for Malaria Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm guaranteed for Croup.

GARFIELD TEA, the medicine that purifies the blood and cleanses the system, brings good health to all who use it. It is made from herbs. Druggists sell it.

The prompt use of a pure stimulant has saved many a human life. Old Gilt Edge Whiskey is pure. Sold by all first-class dealers. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., sole proprietors for U.S.A.

That Cough needs Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.

It's a lonely old world this, and if the truth was known we're all asking for different heavens, too.

Lots of Company. Stranger—You must find it very lonely on these hills.

Shepherd—Lonely! No, I don't. Why, there was a man in a 'oss passed yesterday, an there's you today.—Punch.

There is no law to prevent a woman from placing herself in front of a milliner's show window and wishing she had a bank account of her own.—Chicago News.

The Spring Medicine

Is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

In thousands and thousands of homes—in cities, towns and villages—three doses a day of this great medicine are now being taken by every member of the family.

In some homes even the visitor is given a teaspoonful with every meal. Why such wide and general use? Because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has proved itself by its wonderful effects in cleansing the system of all humors, overcoming that tired feeling, creating appetite, clearing the complexion, giving strength and animation, the best of all Spring Medicines, so that it is par excellence the Spring Medicine.

Accept No Substitute.

KILL THE DANDRUFF GERM

Or Your Hair Will Fall Out Till You Become Bald.

Modern science has discovered that dandruff is caused by a germ that digs up the scalp in scales, as it burrows down to the roots of the hair, where it destroys the hair's vitality, causing fallen hair, and, ultimately, baldness. After Prof. Uuna, of Hamburg, Germany, discovered the dandruff germ, all efforts to find a remedy failed until the great laboratory discovery was made which resulted in Newbro's Herpicide. It alone of all other hair preparations kills the dandruff germ. Without dandruff, hair grows luxuriantly. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect."

HOW'S THIS? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. West & Thaxt, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KIRKMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Garfield Tea has long been recognized as the greatest remedy for bowel and liver troubles; it is made from simple herbs that cure chronic constipation.

Got Grip? Try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.

The Best Shorthand College. If you wish to succeed as stenographers and book-keepers, follow the advice of all the Official Reporters of S. F. and attend the GALLAGHER-MARSH COLLEGE, Parrott Building, S. F., Cal. Graduates have no trouble obtaining positions as none but incompetent stenographers are out of employment, and graduates of this College are qualified to fill any stenographer's position very creditably. Board and lodging be had for \$15 per month. Life scholarship, by month, \$10. Send for catalogue.

I am sure Fryer's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm saves Doctor Pills.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

No External Symptoms.

The blood may be in bad condition, yet with no external signs, no skin eruption or sores to indicate it. The symptoms in such cases being a variable appetite, poor digestion, an indescribable weakness and nervousness, loss of flesh and a general run-down condition of the system—clearly showing the blood has lost its nutritive qualities, has become thin and watery. It is in just such cases that S. S. S. has done some of its quickest and most effective work by building up the blood and supplying the elements lacking to make it strong and vigorous.

"My wife used several bottles of S. S. S. as a blood purifier and to tone up a weak and emaciated system, with very marked effect by way of improvement. We regard it a great tonic and blood purifier."—J. F. DUFF, Princeton, Mo.

is the greatest of all tonics, and you will find the appetite improves at once, strength returns, and nervousness vanishes as new rich pure blood once more circulates through all parts of the system.

S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known. It contains no minerals whatever. Send for our free book on blood and skin diseases and write our physicians for any information or advice wanted. No charge for medical advice. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

H. E. SKINNER CO.

416 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. Successors to E. T. Allen Co.

Guns, Fishing Tackle.

Largest Assortment in the West. Goods and Prices to Suit Everybody. Send 4c. each for Gun and Fishing Tackle Catalogues.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed—
Aloes—
Rhubarb—
Sulphur—
Licorice—
Ginger—
Cinnamon—
Cloves—
Mint—
Peppermint—
Sage—
Thyme—
Rosemary—
Lavender—
Sassafras—
Wintergreen—
Peppermint—
Sage—
Thyme—
Rosemary—
Lavender—
Sassafras—
Wintergreen—

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

NEW YORK.

416 months old

35 Doses—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Bedrooms and Breathing. While no scientist, I think, will recommend less than seven cubic feet of air for each person, Dr. Reed gives ten as the smallest amount that will meet the wants of the body. All of this, of course, is not absolutely used, only needed that purity may be secured. The average room—12 by 10 and 8 feet high—even if the room is empty, will consume only 960 cubic feet, or enough to supply air for one person for about two hours. Now, when two or even four persons occupy such a room, the doors and windows closed to keep out the supposed "poisonous night air," it is not strange that the stench of vitiated air is overpowering to one who enters the room after breathing the pure air of heaven, such as the good Father intended for use.

Where He Was Deficient. "Well," said the western lady who was visiting her cousin in Boston and wished to establish friendly relations with the infant son of her hostess, "I hope oo is a dood 'little boy. What did oo dot for Tismas? Tun, tell Tuzzin Fannie all about it."

"Madam," replied the child, "if you will be good enough to talk English, it may be possible for me to catch the drift of your meaning. I am conversant with Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Hebrew and modern Italian, but I have not as yet had time to take up the study of Choctaw."—Chicago Times-Herald.

KEEP YOUR SADDLE DRY!

THE ORIGINAL

TOWER'S

FISH BRAND

POMMEL SLICKER

BLACK OXYGEN

PROTECTS BOTH RIDER AND SADDLE

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

REWARD OF \$1000

FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK

HARDEST STORM

SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 39

Free!

We will mail you an extra large trial size package ADAMS' SARSAPARILLA PILLS for the asking.

Drop us a postal to-day.

ADAMS' CO., 1532 HOWARD ST., S. F.

These pills cure Sick Headaches, Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Torpid Liver, Loss of Appetite, Sallow Complexion, Dizziness, Heartburn, and Sour Stomach.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

—AND SLAUGHTERERS OF—

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS AND CALVES.

:::

—PACKERS OF THE—

GOLDEN GATE —AND— MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

:::

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO,

SAN MATEO COUNTY.

Consignments of Stock Solicited.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY.